

THE
HISTORY
OF
MISS TEMPLE.

In Clay

By A. Rogers

H I G H
Y O U T H

M A T E M P T E

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
M I S S T E M P L E.

I N T W O V O L U M E S .

B Y A Y O U N G L A D Y .

" —— generous sorrow; while it sinks, exalts,
" And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

YOUNG.

V O L . I .

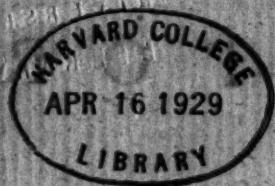
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To MR. AIKIN.

SIR, — As I am
HONOURED as I am
with your esteem, and
encouraged by your favou-
rable opinion of my Work,
my apprehensions begin to
subside concerning its recep-
tion from the Public—that

A 2 Public

vi DEDICATION.

Public which has so repeatedly been indebted to your pen. Conscious of my incapacity to do justice to my own feelings, I will leave the tribute of praise to be rendered by those who are less affected ; and shall content myself with a more forcible expression of my sentiments, in assuring you that nothing less than your approbation of these Volumes, and the public sanction

Public A

DEDICATION. vii

sanc^tion of your name to
them, could have emboldened
me to add that of

Your most obliged

Friend and Servant,

DRONFIELD,
DERBESHIRE,
June 1st. 1777.

A. ROGERS.

DEDICATION

to the memory of Henry St. John
Grenville, second Viscount Churchill

BY HENRY ST. JOHN,
H. S. J.

Author of "The History of the
French Revolution," &c.

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THE HISTORY OF

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OF

MISS TEMPLE.

LETTER I.

To BLOUNT DRUMMOND, Esq.

BATH.

I AM not able in equal strains,
to reply to your whimsical let-
ter,* nor to the humorous catalogue
it contains of the privileges of my

This Letter does not appear.

VOL. I.

B

pro-

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profession. Believe me, the scenes of calamity and distress which daily occur from its practice, have given me too much reason to repent my choice. The inconveniences attending it are more, and the alleviations fewer, than I expected.

When my business in life was referred to my own choice, I imagined the practice of physic would be the most agreeable, as it would engage my time and faculties, in the service of my fellow-creatures. Such an employment, though sometimes a painful exercise of my sensibility, might (I thought) make ample amends by that self-complacency which results from doing good.

My

MISS TEMPLE. 3

My attendance on my brother has been uniformly painful. My skill and application are in vain, nor can all the art of medicine restore what vice has so totally laid waste. He has gone through the drudgery of almost every kind of debauchery, and with his health has lost that peace of mind which alone could have compensated for the want of it.

He sends for me every hour, and repeats his complaints with all the anxiety and eagerness of a mind distractred between hope and despair.

In vain do I admonish him to throw off every dependence on human aid, and to prepare for that

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state to which he is reluctantly hastening. His mind is thrown into a tumult at the slightest intimation of the danger, and he starts with chagrin and horror when I do not flatter his delusive hopes. Such scenes have nothing to repay for the anguish they occasion. They leave a dreadful impression on the mind, and, for a time, suspend the finer feelings of tenderness and pity, leaving in their place only barren or gloomy ideas.

Since my arrival here, I have been relieved by scenes less shocking, but still more interesting. I am engaged to attend Lady Granger, an old friend of my father's, whose partiality for me, on his account, precludes every objection

MISS TEMPLE.

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objecting to my inexperience. She has been declining some years, and I fear my success in her case, cannot justify her prepossession in favour of my skill. She is accompanied by her daughter, and a young lady who resides with them.

Miss Granger is a sweet delicate girl, and has that degree of softness which you profess to love. No person can be more attracted by delicacy of manners, and a gentle deportment than myself. Yet I confess, I like to see it enlivened with that cheerfulness and alacrity, which generally result from innocence and youth. Her person is pleasing, and her temper and accents as mild as a

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May morning. Her complexion fair,
to an extreme; and in short, the
tout ensemble in the style you admire:
for which reason I have been thus par-
ticular in my description.

Now that you've seen this, don't you think it's time to move on?

I think I ought to lay down my pen, without attempting to give you another specimen of my descriptive talents, by attempting to draw the picture of her friend Miss Temple—
But be the sketch ever so slight, it may serve to give you an idea of such a character, as is rarely to be found, in this age of trifles and dissipation.

With every *personal*, she seems to possess every *mental* accomplishment.
Her figure is perfectly elegant and

very

graceful

pre-

prepossessing; her complexion, clear as the light, happily blended with the lilly and the rose. Her eyes are a beautiful blue, and speak the genuine language of her elegant mind. Her address is frank and easy, without any affected reserve or obtrusive boldness. She appears totally unconscious of her beauty, or any of the numberless charms which nature has thus liberally bestowed.

Her voice is harmonious, and pleasing; and she has a refinement and elevation of sentiment, which must often be productive of pain in almost any intercourse with the world. In short, she is the most perfect character I have ever met with; and

almost would

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would appear too angelic, if her extreme sensibility did not give her the stamp of mortality—throwing into a beautiful obscure, a piece which would otherwise have been too brilliant.

You will perhaps imagine from my impassioned description, that I have yielded to her, a heart, which the charms of wit and beauty have assaulted in vain. The familiar advances and free deportment of our modern fine ladies serve only to wear the mind from every tender propensity, which an amiable weakness, or natural attachment to the sex might otherwise dispose us to. But a man who enjoys the happiness of Miss

Temple's

MISS TEMPLE. 9

Temple's acquaintance, would pay himself a bad compliment, not to entertain for her, the highest esteem and friendship, a tribute due to her exalted merit.

She is an orphan left to the care of Lady Granger. I am ignorant of her situation, but suppose it to be independent.—Be that as it may, she is capable of doing honour to the most elevated station,—though the darlings of nature are often the sport of fortune—Adieu—I am called to my brother.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SPENCE.

B 5.

LET-

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LETTER II.

TO LADY MARY WILLMOT.

BATH.

PARDON me, dear Lady Mary, for being so remiss in acquainting you with our arrival here. I flatter myself, my mother will find great benefit from the waters, as her complaints are greatly abated within these ten days.

Miss Temple and I have been very little in public, as all our time has been employed in attending my mother. Poor Sir Frank Spencer is

here;

Miss TEMPLE. II

here; but so altered! instead of the gay fashionable libertine, he is the emaciated, dejected, dying man. His brother attends him, and my mother; and is, without exception, the most amiable man I ever saw. His very appearance commands admiration, I had almost said, love. His person is manly and noble, his features are strong and expressive, and his eyes the finest you ever beheld; they are of a darkish blue, full, and piercing, insomuch that mine fall under them. His hair is almost black, and gracefully disposed. His voice, to a musical ear, is inexpressibly charming, his tones so melodious and full, and his accents find their way so directly to the heart, that I must be at some

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pains to defend mine from so sweet an invader.

We were at a ball a few evenings ago. Lady Bell Cleland was reckoned the finest woman there, till Miss Temple appeared, who bore the prize of beauty from her, in the opinion of every one, who thinks delicacy and genuine elegance constitute any part of it. Lady Bell, is so haughty and supercilious, that it is impossible to be attracted by her personal advantages. I danced with Sir Thomas Burchell; and Miss Temple, with Lord Cleland—we left the rooms early. His Lordship has since been very particular in his assiduities to Antonia, but she has declined commen-

THE

mencing

mencing the slightest acquaintance with a man of his dissolute character.

What an amiable contrast is Dr. Spencer! I wish you to see him, for he is more engaging than you can conceive.

I have just heard of the death of Sir Frank; and as he succeeds to the title and estate, I imagine he will become a neighbour of ours; as Spencer Park is within a few miles of Granger Abbey.

Adieu dear Lady Mary,

believe me to be yours,

Most affectionately,

EMILIA GRANGER.

L E T-

Emilia, and will be more generous to you,

LETTER III.

To MISS GRANGER.

LONDON.

I FORGIVE your neglect of me, and will be more generous to you, and more just to myself, than to suppose any thing less than an attachment of the heart, could have made you so long forget there was another person who claimed a part of it. Suppress that flutteration, my dear Emilia, and be not surprised that I am more discerning than yourself; as neither my heart nor passions are interested to lull, or mislead me.

Yours

Yours are both captivated by this Phenix Physician, who is "more engaging than I can conceive," and whose "appearance commands (you had almost said) love." Strive not, my dear Emilia, to defend your heart from "so sweet an invader," as he has luckily saved you the trouble, by taking an entire possession of it, without coming to terms.

I congratulate you, upon the prospect of having Sir Charles Spencer for your neighbour, which I hope will be some consolation for the untimely death of the gay Sir Frank. I imagine Sir Charles will now abandon physical studies, and retire, a fond love-stricken swain!

—“To

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— “To tell his tale”
— “Under the hawthorn in the vale.”
— to complain to the murmuring
streams, and wander in the groves of
Spencer Park and Granger Abbeys,
where, instead of dry systems, he
will contemplate the beauties of the
lovely Emilia, and study only how to
obtain and deserve them.

That happiness may be the result to
to my dear Emilia, prays her husband.
Ever affectionate,
MARY WILLMOT.

LET-

Miss TEMPLE. 27

LETTER IV.

REJOICE with me, dear Caroline,
on the recovery of my ever dear
Lady Granger, who is happily re-
stored to our prayers. This kindness
of an indulgent Providence, demands
the highest strains of praise, and af-
fects me with sensations, which can
never be expressed. How visibly have
I experienced the divine protection
through every period of my life! Yet
has not my prosperity been of
such a kind as is apt to lull the soul
into

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into a forgetfulness of the benefits it receives—they have all been so distinguishably marked, as to awaken the most grateful and animated sentiments in my heart; and at the same time, so allayed, as to rob them of that glare, which is apt to exalt the mind into pride and security.

—How very peculiar is my situation! how very happy, yet how very affecting! Blest with the care and protection of an amiable woman, who has ever treated me with a tenderness truly parental—nursed in the lap of affidence, and courted to the enjoyment of every thing which can impart delight—what new-invented craving can remain unsatisfied? what bounds less.

less desire of the soul unfulfilled? I confess, with a blush, that a discontented curiosity, has often absorbed all my faculties, and for a time rendered me insensible to the many blessings I enjoy. Ignorant of those who gave me birth, I can neither deplore their loss, nor solace myself with the hopes of ever beholding them.

These reflections cast a dark gloom on my brightest prospects, and seem to involve all my life in a mist of apprehension, and uncertainty.

In the earlier part of my life, I often importuned Lady Granger to inform me, to whom I owe my being, and whether the vices of my parents
rendered

THE HISTORY OF
THE
EMPRESS
MARIA THERESA

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the
rendered my knowledge of them im-
proper—but could only learn from
her, that they were of noble fami-
lies, and virtuous, though unfortunate.
She bid me endeavour to render
myself worthy of them, to revere
their memories, and to arm myself
with that fortitude, which enabled
them to endure, unshaken, the keen-
est rage of adversity, and raised them
superior to the vicissitudes of fortune.
Adding, that I must content myself
to remain ignorant of farther parti-
culars, till the exercise of my sen-
sibility had worn off the fineness of
its edge, and till I had attained a de-
gree of religion, and philosophy, suf-
ficient to preserve me from repining
at the dispensations of divine wisdom,

OR.

or falling into a despondency, which
would reproach my Maker, and rem-
inder me unworthy of his bounties.

How unsatisfactory, and unavail-
ing, would this advice have been
—how incapable of administering to
my peace—without the consolation of
your friendship? which, like a healing
balm poured into my wounds, has
soothed me to rest, and preserved me
from the agonies of despair. Oh my
Carolina! the bounty of Heaven
would have been in vain, if your
friendship had not been included in
it.

I love and honour Lady Grange,
as a tender parent, and a amiable
and generous beneficent

benefactress—I love Emilia with a steady and sisterly affection—and my heart expands in wider circles to the rest of my friends: but my friendship for you bears a higher and more congenial mark—our souls are united by the dearest ties—and so entirely do I love you, that, till lately, I could not have believed my heart capable of admitting another to share it equally with you. I used to look upon your friendship as a security against that tyrant love—I knew too well the sensibility of my own heart, not to apprehend the extremest wretchedness from a tender attachment; as the idea of an equal return was never united with the supposition.

The

The necessity of my being so much absent from you, has been some allay to my happiness. When the heart is overcharged, it seeks (as it were) by a natural impulse, to pour itself into the bosom of a friend, who, from a similarity of soul, can impart that consolation we seek for. I was extremely dejected on my first arrival here, as Lady Granger seemed every day to verge towards the grave. My apprehension of such a loss, (independent of my regard for her) filled my mind with the most tormenting disquietude. To whom could I fly for protection, from an unfeeling world?—I never should chuse to associate with those (though people of the first quality) who are above every consideration

ation about character; and amongst those who hold it valuable and sacred, there are too many, who are ready on every occasion to degrade and destroy it. The dread of those people, has never yet withheld me from following the bent of my own inclinations, and the dictates of my own heart; nor has the desire of applause, or the dread of censure ever influenced my conduct.

I claim the liberty of doing my duty by a right divine, of which I should think myself unworthy, if I considered the *applause* or *censure* of the world as any more than the *consequence* of my conduct. At the same time that I have given full scope to my inclination, I am very sensible, it has
not

not been the innocence of my intentions, that alone has sheltered me from malevolence; but the sanction of Lady Granger's protection, which, with inexpressible anguish, I expected to lose. My distress was too complicated to be described! to behold that dear friend, going to resign a life, from which, I have derived so many blessings—and to see *her* in pain, who has so often soothed *me* to peace and happiness—was a scene I could with difficulty support; at the same time to be ignorant of my parents, and from whom I must learn their fate, or derive my future support, suggested a sad train of ideas, which my attendance on her ladyship (hap-

pily for me) left me not leisure to indulge.

Sir Frank Spencer arrived here soon after us, attended by his brother, who was immediately called in to Lady Granger; and from the time she followed his prescriptions, her symptoms abated; and she can now once more bless the child of her care, with that heart-soothing complacency, and cheerfulness, which ever beam from her benevolent countenance.

Every circumstance which I can date from that interesting, that happy æra, must ever be remembered with peculiar pleasure. Dr. Spencer was the favoured instrument, sent by Heaven

ven to revive my expiring hopes. An acquaintance, commenced under such happy auspices, has antedated that esteem for him, which otherwise would have required *time* as well as *merit* to conciliate. How indulgent did he appear to my sorrow, while he kindly soothed, what truth forbade him to banish—as at that time he had no hopes of Lady Granger's life! How agonizing were my feelings! How frantic my behaviour! and how amiably did he accommodate himself to my weakness! Pity is the sovereign subduer of the sorrowing heart. My friendship, unmeasured by tedious periods, in the sunshine of that lenient power, made a rapid progress; and from his first

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attendance on Lady Granger, Dr. Spencer became like one of the family. His conversation is elegant and entertaining, with a certain happy peculiarity of address, which Lord Chesterfield would, doubtless, have said was a gift from the *Graces.*

On Sir Frank Spencer's death, the Doctor quitted Bath for a few days, leaving a note requesting me to inform him of the particulars of her ladyship's health, with which I immediately complied; well pleased in an opportunity of returning a degree of that consolation, which a little while before, I had so happily derived from him—as well as to supply the want of his conversation, which has beguiled

many

many a tedious hour; since neither Emilia nor myself could partake of any amusement till our dear parent was entirely recovered. I look on this connection as an additional security to my heart and happiness. I regard Sir Charles, with that kind of affection that will secure and calm my heart and passions, instead of invading, or discomposing them.

We have been at one ball only, and my spirits were not sufficiently recovered to enjoy it. I still feel a depression, and a soft, and not unpleasing gloom upon my mind, which unfits me for those entertainments, which are without sentiment, and administer only to the animal spirits—
Adieu my dear Carolina.

C 3

Sir

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Sir Charles Spencer is below—I have not seen him since the death of his brother. Let me hear from you very soon; and believe me to remain

Your ever affectionate,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER V.

To LADY MARY WILMOT.

BATH

CRUEL Lady Mary ! how can you rally so severely on a subject, which, according to your own supposition, rather merits your pity. Your gay manner of treating me, almost banishes that confidence, which should enable me to unbosom myself to you. Unfeeling as you seem, I am however weak enough with tears to beg you will pity an unfortunate, unguarded girl, who is indeed, as you suppose,

pose, the dupe of her own folly. Yet why folly? to love Sir Charles Spencer is to love virtue—and to be insensible to his merit, would certainly be a reflection on my own heart. Alas! how glad am I to find excuses for my own weakness, which I fear will at last plunge me into anguish and despair.

The receipt of your letter, and my uneasiness on account of the absence of Sir Charles, led me to this discovery of myself. He has been here twice since his return to Bath, but I was unluckily absent. How happy is Miss Temple in his friendship! She feels no sentiment which she wishes either to suppress or con-

ceal; but acknowledges her regard for him with that frankness, so natural to *her*, and to innocence, when attended with happiness. I, on the contrary, dare not pay the just tribute to his merit for fear of seeming too sensible of it. When a rap at the door announces a visitor, which I suppose to be him, I am in an universal trepidation, and flutter of spirits, which subsides into gloom and dissatisfaction, the moment I perceive my mistake; and disposes me to be strangely out of humour with those who occasioned it. In short, I am no longer the same creature I used to be. Before this unfortunate prepossession, I was happy, and made those about me so—But now, I am pettish and

discontented, without knowing it myself, till the consequences discover it. My maid has been in tears repeatedly, from my manner of speaking to her. But I cannot help it—I am unhappy—Dear Willmot pity your unhappy friend.

—Oh, my God! he is here—I am summoned by Sir Charles himself. Let me banish every gloomy thought, and meet him with that joy I feel—Ah no—that would too plainly indicate the charm that has recalled my lost spirits. I know not how to go down, and every moment's delay increases the difficulty, He calls me from the drawing room, and threatens to take my pen, if I do not immediately

mediately resign it. I have not time to say more—he appears, and looks most flatteringingly. Why should I despair? why may not his sentiments be answerable to those of

Your ever affectionate

EMILIA GRANGER.

C 6 LET-
TRES

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OF AN IRISH FARMER, AND HIS WIFE; WITH
A HISTORY OF THEIR CHILDREN.—ADDED
LETTER VI.

To MISS GRANGER.

LONDON.

WHY that despairing question
my dear Emilia? why may
not Sir Charles's sentiments be answer-
able to your own? I see no cause for
your despondency, but think you have
a great share of humility, not to sup-
pose your charms may almost com-
mand an adequate return. I admire
the character of your baronet, and
cannot suppose he can possibly be in-
sensible to your charms. I believe I

am

am not vain, yet methinks I respect myself too much, ever to die of any disappointment in love. Indeed, in these regions of novelty and dissipation, we have neither leisure to receive nor foster such fond impressions. We are happily supplied with an habitual indifference, which while (perhaps) it may keep our finest feelings latent and neglected, yet preserves us from the pangs of a too lively sensibility. Heaven knows, there are seasons, when I would give the world to be borne away on a cloud, far from the noise and impertinence of these busy scenes. But those are wishes which seldom present themselves, except when I am fatigued, and my spirits exhausted by a round of diversions.

I was

I was last night at the Pantheon, attended by the polite and agreeable Harry Marshall. He is just returned from making the grand tour. Few have travelled to so much advantage. You may recollect seeing him when you visited me at Richmond. A match between him and your baronet's sister was proposed by his uncle, Lord Almington, and her late brother Sir Frank Spencer; and was intended to have taken place immediately on his return from abroad. I am told the lady is very gay, (not to use a severer term) which I am persuaded you will think she deserves, when I tell you that she and Lady Bell Cleland are inseperable; and that she has resided with her, almost ever since the death

of her mother. I am surprized that her brother has no greater influence over her; as (by your account) he is form'd to subdue, at least, all woman kind. I hope however he will find my Emilia as formidable, as he has proved to the friend of her

Affectionate,

MARY WILLMOT.

L E T-

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LETTER VII.

To SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

LONDON.

THE pleasing delusion is over. I cannot close my eyes on the flagrant alteration in your sister's conduct. The schemes of happiness I proposed with her are fled with the idea of those perfections, of which I supposed her possessed; and I am consequently obliged to forego a connection, which would have given me the title of your brother. I met your sister the other night at the Pantheon.

Her

Her party were very distinguishable, not only from the brilliancy of their appearance, but from a superior effrontery which characterizes too many ladies of the first fashion. She was in the habit of a Circassian. My attention was attracted by the freedom of her behaviour; which I did not see exceeded by that of any woman present, except Lady Bell Cleland's, to whose party she belonged; I had not the least idea of your sister's being in town, much less could I persuade myself that I heard her voice *utter* such things as I should have imagined she would blush to have *heard*. I was in the character of a hermit, and approaching her gently taking her hand,

said

blotted

said, " Ah, my daughter! how wide are you straying from the paths of peace! The heart which is not innocent, cannot be happy—and an imagination which once harbors impure ideas, must for ever retain a taint of them. To give them utterance, impresses them the more forcibly upon the mind. Your own feelings will witness the truth of my assertion. Look within, and you will there find all the traces of memory give back those thoughts, which but to *indulge* is culpable." " Who are you (said the imperiously) who presume to take the liberty this place permits to intrude your impertinence upon *me*?" " I will unmask (replied I) if you will promise not to blush when you behold

behold me." "Most willingly (returned she laughing) I only pity your sordid notions, and despise the man, who would seek to deprive me of the enjoyment of a little harmless liberty, in a place devoted to it—so for heaven's sake unmash, that I may see how your face and conversation correspond."—I unmashed—she started and exclaimed "Harry Marshall!" "Yes Madam (replied I) but I do not find you the same Juliet Spencer I left you." "I am very glad, Sir, (said she) that you have made a timely discovery; and I rejoice likewise, that I have found out your talent for preaching—but I assure you, I do not intend you ever shall have an opportunity of giving me a *curtai*
lecture."

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lecture." "I would not wish, Madam, (replied I) to deprive you of the pleasure of refusing a man, whose farther advances your *conduct* has sufficiently precluded." She left me with disdain, but presently returned with all her party, who singled me out, while I staid, as an object of ridicule. I left the rooms early; my errand there was to attend Lady Mary Willmot, who was soon tired of the unmeaning pleasantry of the place; where ribaldry often supplies the place of wit; and the characters, in general, are so ill supported, as to afford little entertainment to a person who has any idea of propriety.

I am sensible I need make no
apologies

apologies to you for declining what
once was the summit of all my plea-
sing expectations. I am no volup-
tuary, and could never support the
idea of marriage with a woman so
utterly destitute of that delicacy and
refinement, which (in my opinion)
constitute the very essence of beauty.

I have wrote to Lord Almington,
to request his permission to advance
no farther in an affair, which I assured
him, if prosecuted, would embitter
all my future life. I have received
an answer, which does honor to his
Lordship's heart, and inspires me
with sentiments of the warmest gra-
titude. I am going to stay a few
months at Almington-house, and

on

on my return early in the spring,
hope to visit you at Spencer Park.
Adieu, dear Charles ! write very soon,
and believe me to be ever yours,

HENRY MARSHALL.

and you will be well and fat
and contented, but I am not yet
contented as reflected in the present
humble I do say, you are in truth a
peculiar blessing, I am nothing in this
world without you, and I often speak you to
the other people here, and they always
say what a good man you are, and I am
very anxious about you, and I am sending
you every day by messenger, from
me a box of trifles, and I hope
you will receive them kindly. — **LET-**

valued now amidst all
the world over and above all I have yet
LETTER VIII.

To LADY ARABELLA CLELAND.
I am to you this morning at WINDSOR.

A H, Lady Bell! how have I been
enchanted with my ride hither,
which has been rendered doubly plea-
sing, by the easy gaiety and humor
of Lord Cleland. I enjoyed his com-
pany with a double *gout*, after being
closetted with my pious brother, and
forced to hear his solemn declama-
tion against “immodest young wo-
men” (heaven defend us) by whom
he means women of fashion and po-
liteness.

liteness. My spirits were horribly flat when I set out, but your brother's vivacity soon restored me to myself; and even the little timid Sophia seemed by no means insensible of his Lordship's power of pleasing. He rallied her a little on her rusticity, and frequently ventured to presume on the good nature with which she received it; which if she resented, he cried " fie my dear Sophy, you cannot be so unpolite as to be offended"—then she blushed again at the idea of being ill-bred. Ah, Lord! how I can look back on those days of blushing and pouting on such occasions, when I was not in fact more innocent than I am now—more demure I might be; and my *pride* being

ing wounded through my *ignorance* caused those blushes, which were imputed to my *modesty*. I can now see the folly of delicacy, and profess to you that the *bon ton* has taught me more, than all the musty moralists I pored over, at Spencer Park. What do we study, but to enjoy pleasure, and to render ourselves charming? and what can make us *procure* the one, or *be* the other, but the free exercise of liberty? — In the sphere of *polite* life, those ridiculous refinements are banished, and common sense and careless gaiety destroy those fine feelings, which are the ruin of half of those who possess them. I remember how much I was influenced by them, before I had the happiness of

your Ladyship's acquaintance. My heart had imbibed a strange softness, and my passions had taken a tender turn, on the death of my Mother. Harry Marshall seemed the man whom heaven had destined for my husband, and without making myself of any consequence, I frankly owned my affection for him. He was as romantic as myself, and doubtless ascribed to my *fine feelings* a conduct, which *I now* deem infinitely degrading. He has taken great state upon himself, on the masquerade affair; and has, very audaciously, released me from all former engagements, in a note which I received from him this morning. After all he certainly has his attractions; and I would hang myself

myself immediately, if I thought myself weak enough ever more to love any man as I once loved him.—I can amuse myself with the whole sex, in full enjoyment of that insensibility which he alone has ever subdued.

— But an union with him, would have been repugnant to every idea of pleasure, and the *Beau Monde*. Adieu, dear Lady Bell! and believe me,

Ever yours,

JULIET SPENCER.

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LETTER IX.

TO THE HON^{BLE}. HENRY MARSHALL.

BATH.

DEAR HARRY,

ON the receipt of your letter I hastened to town, and immediately waited on my Sister, and represented the impropriety of her behaviour in the most forcible manner. I urged every possible argument to convince her of it, and to recall her to a sense of duty and honor. At first she pretended to laugh at my gravest remonstrances; but when her

spirits

spirits began to flag, she reproached me with coming to give her the vapors, and embitter (what she was pleased to call) her innocent pleasures. She left me with great dissatisfaction, and set out to Windsor without condescending to take leave of me. Lady Bell entered the room as my sister left it, exclaiming in her manner, " Oh God! Sir Charles, what a pity it is, such a charming fellow as you should be a snarling philosopher—I swear if you would only exert your talents to please, every woman in Europe would be enchanted with you—What a divine person is thrown away upon you! how can you be such a wretch?"—She threw herself upon the sofa with infinite

blandishment, seeming to wait for an answer, I am ashamed to confess that I felt the slightest inclination for a woman I could not but despise. But her fine person, displayed to the greatest advantage, her looks, her manner, all contributed to inspire, for a moment, an inclination utterly devoid of sentiment and esteem. My heart however soon revolted from so indelicate a propensity, and secured me from any farther temptation, from this beautiful, but unprincipled woman. I avoided a longer conversation, by pleading an engagement, and did not call again while I staid in town. I am now returned to Bath, whither you may address your next, as I shall

stay

stay here till I can have the pleasure
of waiting upon you to Spencer
Park. I beg you will present my
compliments to Lord Almington. It
is needless to assure his Lordship, or
yourself, that an alliance with your
family would have been a particular
happiness to

Your affectionate

CHARLES SPENCER.

an ill-figured wof! signor! and
nothing but a very ill-fav'd face.

LETTER X.

At Bath, on the 1st of November, 1753.

To LADY MARY WILMOT.

BATH,

THANKS to my dear Lady Mary for her kind epistle, which I received just as Miss Temple and myself were going to a ball, attended by Sir Charles Spencer. When the minuets were over, how did my foolish heart flutter with the expectation of being taken out for the evening by Sir Charles? and what a cruel mortification succeeded, when I saw him stand up with

Miss

Miss TEMPLE.

Miss Temple! how happy did she seem with the pleasing attention which he paid her—how were all her features animated! her complexion glowed like vermillion. Happy girl!—how charmingly did she look! indeed I thought most exultingly so.

I was taken out by Lord Burton, who you know is agreeable enough; but I confess I had not the least enjoyment of any thing, nor could take notice of any person but Antonia, and Sir Charles. I thought I never saw such a particularity as appeared in his looks whenever his eyes met hers; nay I imagined, whenever he spoke to her, that he

was professing a passion, which I thought his looks sufficiently revealed — but this conjecture vanished, when I observed the serenity of Antonia's countenance. How tumultuous would my emotions have been, had he addressed me with that soul-subduing air! — I was ill, and out of humor — pleaded head-ach, and withdrew. Antonia followed, most affectionately enquiring after my health, adding in the kindest manner “dear Emilia, what shall I do for you?” (I answered) “nothing, don't let me interrupt you.” — “Cruel Emilia (said she in her engaging manner) can I be happy whilst you are in pain? you know I would do any thing to serve you” — Ah! thought I, relinquish then the Lord
of

of all my wishes — give me up Sir Charles Spencer. I looked at her, to judge if it were possible that she could ever make such a sacrifice. She took my hand tenderly, saying, "you are very ill, shall I call Sir Charles Spencer?" I could return no answer, but fainted away. When I recovered, I found myself supported by Antonia and Lord Burton — Sir Charles on his knees, with a smelling bottle in his hand, "Are you better, my sweet girl!" (said he) I scarcely knew what I said, I believe my answer was "are you glad of it?" "Can you doubt it, my dear Miss Granger," (said he) "what must I be, not to rejoice in your recovery?" Antonia proposed going home immediately, I insisted on leaving

her; but she declared she could enjoy no pleasure there, while she knew me to be indisposed at home! I felt myself fretful, and hastily answered, "dear Miss Temple, urge the point no farther, but suffer me to do as I please;" —she seemed a good deal hurt, and, with a faltering voice, wished me a good night. Indeed I was very ill. Sir Charles ordered his own chariot, and accompanied me in it. Shall I own that this was the very point I had been aiming at? As soon as we were seated, putting his arm round my waist, he said, "tell me now, Miss Granger, how could you ask me that strange question? what could you possibly mean by it? can you doubt my wishes for your health?"

and

and happiness?" — I burst into tears.
" Oh! Sir Charles, I never, never
shall be happy — I am indeed a wretched
girl — I only wish you to pity
me." " I am surprized to hear
you talk in this manner (replied
he) — I know not what to pity you
for — I know not a person whose
situation seems more enviable than
your own. You have the art of ren-
dering those happy around you ; it
is strange you are not *so* yourself."
— " Ah, Sir Charles ! (said I,) you
flatter ; *that* is my wish, but alas !
I am miserable, and make others
so too." " You are low spirited,
Emilia, (replied he) and I am sure
you would be pleased this moment
if you knew what pleasure it would
give

give me to see you happy." "Oh! Sir Charles," (cried I, interrupting him) could I be persuaded of that, I should be happy indeed"—I was in a violent perturbation; I know not what followed, for the chariot stopped a moment after, or I should perhaps have been too unguarded. Sir Charles returned for Antonia, who he said would be anxious about me. I was ashamed to see her after my capricious behaviour; and to save myself the confusion, as well conceal my agitation, I ordered my maid to tell her I was retired, and wished her a good night. Do not blame me, dear Lady Mary!—the reproaches of my own heart are sufficient. Sir Charles called in my apart-

apartment, and discovered the most flattering solicitude for my recovery. His voice was softened, and his air tender and melancholy. How invincibly engaging did he appear! and the idea that my indisposition had any share in that sweet dejection, gave me inexpressible satisfaction. Oh! Lady Mary, what should I feel, if I were really assured of his heart? The idea, however, that I was not indifferent to him, soothed me into a composure of mind, which was only interrupted by the most pleasing sensations. The next morning, when Lydia came to dress me, she gave me the following note from Antonia.

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"I will not, indeed I cannot, say how much I am hurt by your unkindness—my dear Emilia is not herself. Some strange caprice that is foreign to her nature, has thwarted its dictates. Had your temper been less excellent than it formerly was, I should have been better able to accommodate myself to it: its present change I am willing to impute to your indisposition, or any cause, rather than to a real abatement of your regard for me, which I have ever most faithfully returned. I am going with Lady Granger to take an airing before breakfast. I have the pleasure of hearing from Lydia that you have rested well. Might I have my wish, no pain or disqui-

disquietude should ever affect you, but you should always enjoy that peace and happiness which never must be tasted by

Your affectionate,

ANTONIA."

They returned by the time I was dressed. Sir Charles came up stairs with them. I sighed to see Antonia—her sweet bloom was fled; a delicate languor overspread her features; her eyes appeared red with weeping, and her address was unspeakably soft and tender. I imputed the alteration in her to my unkindness. What pity that Antonia should suffer for my errors! but she has too much

much sensibility. Such is my folly, that even this contrast to what she was the night before, gave me new alarms; lest, if his heart had not already been surprized by her charms, it might now yield to the seduction of that soft melancholy that so well became her. He was still irresistibly engaging, and every word he uttered seemed calculated to inspire "love and sweet affection." — How strange, that my regard for so amiable a man should make myself less amiable! — Oh! Lady Mary, how fabulous is that account of love, which says that it exalts the mind, and refines the heart! Too well I know from experience, that it levels my best purposes,

purposes, and makes me insensible to the claims of friendship, and gratitude. I blush when I think of Antonia; but my faults are involuntary; and I am not sensible of them, till it is too late to retract.

Adieu,

Pity and pardon your

EMILLA GRANGER.

L E T-

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LETTER XI.

To Blount Drummond Esq.

SPENCER PARK.

I ARRIVED here last night in consequence of a letter from our friend Harry Marshall, who proposes visiting me in a few days. I am convinced, to my extreme mortification, that a connection can never take place between him and my sister. She has lost the charm which attracted him. That engaging softness, and enchanting delicacy, the greatest ornaments of the sex,

-THE J

are

are banished by our fine ladies, and a disgusting boldness, substituted in their stead. Juliet I fear is lost to every thing that can render her truly amiable. I remonstrated in the tenderest manner I was capable of, on the impropriety of her conduct; which has had no effect, but to make her laugh at my exploded notions. Lady Bell Cleland is as much a libertine as her Brother: and Juliet seems to verge towards the point her ladyship has already gained. My attempts to reclaim her are in vain: she is independent, and determined to judge for herself. I shall invite her hither, when Lady Granger comes down, that I may shew her, in the person of

Miss

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Miss Temple, what an ornament to the fairest of her sex that softness and modesty is, which she pretends to ridicule — and that “the blooming cheek, or sparkling eye, can never touch the soul, or give permanent delight, unless the one derives its glow from mental dignity, the other its lustre from mental sanctity.”

I gave you the outlines of that charming girl's character in a former letter. She has improved upon me ever since. The charms of her conversation have brightened many an hour, which otherwise would have gloomed upon me. Oh! did that lovely sex but know in what walk they

they are formed to excel, were they conscious of their power, (when properly exerted) and the various requisites for pleasing which they possess, how might they humanize and refine mankind?

Still must I revert to this pattern of female excellence. In the glare of life, in the pride of youth, and the bloom of beauty, she is modest and unassuming, frank, affable, and engaging. I never conversed so freely with a woman in my life. She is above prejudice or punctilio. The elegance and solidity of her sentiments would give grace to the most unpolished language, and the beautiful simplicity of her stile would adorn

adorn thoughts in themselves common or superficial. Her exquisite sensibility often subjects her to griefs she would never feel, if virtue could exclude them.

Going one day to visit her, I was told she was at work in her dressing room. I went up stairs with my usual freedom, and gave a single tap at the door as I opened it, and surprized the lovely Antonia in tears. Her work (which was a waist-coat she designed for me) stood in the frame before her, and she sat on a sofa, with her head reclined. She rose in confusion on my entrance;

“ Pardon my intrusion, my sweet friend! (said I) and tell me the cause

of

of these tears?" at the same time wiping them from her cheek, which I ventured to salute, and placing myself on the sofa beside her. She could not immediately stop the torrent of her tears, but continued silent, and with that sweet unobtrusive elegance so peculiar to her, covered her face with her handkerchief.

" My amiable Miss Temple (said I) what can occasion this grief? is it possible you can be unhappy? who in this world can expect happiness if *you* do not possess it? But indeed happiness does not *always* attend upon virtue. Would to heaven I could procure it for you. Why do you weep? tell me, dear Antonia! that I may console you."

" You are too kind, Sir Charles, (said she) I am ashamed you should find me thus. I know I am wrong to overlook the innumerable blessings allotted me, by an indulgent providence, to dwell only on the evils which are so greatly over-balanced. I blush at my own ingratitude, and did *you* know me as well as I do myself, you would condemn, instead of pitying me. It is an imperfection in my nature, which I have strove in vain to correct. I resign the task to you, in whose judgment and friendship I have an entire confidence. I am not happy —but I believe it is my own fault."

" You have no faults, my charming girl (said I,) envy itself cannot find

find a blemish in your whole composition; nor can I pretend to correct, what, I must ever be constrained to admire."

"Smiling through her tears, she replied,
"Fie, Sir Charles, you will make me
distrust that judgment by which I
meant to regulate my own; or else
you will mislead me, and consequently
have my errors as well as your own,
to answer for"

"With all my heart (replied I) and henceforth, I am content to be answerable for all you commit; but you must give me a catalogue of them, or I shall never be able, either to discover, or reform them; for I protest to you,

that either from *your* perfection, or *my* blindness, I have never beheld even a foible in you, since I have had the happiness of knowing you—But come, will you go upon the parade? a little air, and exercise, together with a view of the world there, will do you more good than any thing I can say, unless you will tell me the cause of your unhappiness. Reserve in friendship would certainly be a fault, which would demand that correction which you request of me."

"I will tell you another time then, (said she;) I am not enough mistress of myself to do it now. We will walk, if you please, when I have finished this leaf."

"Indeed

"Indeed you must not finish that leaf now (said I) do you think I can have any pleasure in wearing a waistcoat which you have wrought in tears?"

"Perhaps (replied she) that thought may sometime endear the memory of a friend, who else might be forgotten amidst more interesting scenes — Very few people, Sir Charles, are capable of that enthusiasm and constancy in friendship, which often characterizes a less noble passion. As friendship is the most pure, and the most generous in its own nature, it is certainly capable of attaining greater force than any other. I mean when it has no alloy; because then it may glow uncon-

med. Whereas any thing less exalted, must leave so much of dross behind as to impair its own essence; therefore I deny that friendship to be genuine which is a cool inactive principle; I am unacquainted with it, and disclaim it; nor will I ever forego the pleasure which results from my own sentiments. It is a balm for every woe: and surely I have my share of that sweet consolation, and ought to resign myself without a murmur, to those accidental ills, which are inseparable from our nature and station here."

"Your notions perfectly coincide with my own (said I) but is it generous in you to pay your
them self

self a compliment at my expence? why do you suppose me incapable of an equal degree of refinement with yourself? I have always been an admirer of your lovely sex; those of them, at least, who have made the cultivation of their mind a part of their study; and have ever found them, not only the most pleasing, but the most reasonable objects of my attention and esteem. In your friendship I have been most particularly happy; nor shall I ever need any thing to remind me of what is now become essential to my happiness."

" It was not from any distrust of your friendship, Sir Charles, that I was led to express myself in the

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manner I did, but from the probability of your forming connections, and entering into scenes, which I shall never engage in—but let us wave the subject; I have made you as grave, as you found me.”—

“ Give me leave (said I) before we quit the subject, to ask you what you mean? have you resolved never to be happy?”

“ By no means (replied she, with more sprightliness) I intend to be happy in my friends; and to enjoy their blessings by reflection to my own bosom—I will never hazard my peace in a search after that kind of happiness, which my better judgment assures me I never

never can attain. Our disappointments are ever proportioned to our hopes, therefore, if I do not hope (you know) I never shall be disappointed."

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Granger, who started on perceiving me. " You will persuade me I fright you, my dear Miss Granger (said I,) how can you start so?" I took both her hands, and she raised her fine eyes to mine, fraught with a soft and sweet expression; but immediately cast them down with an insinuating timidity— She is a lovely girl, but I should be very glad if her regard for me was no more than would be compatible with her happiness, and my own. My

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heart seems by no means inclinable to make a return equal to her merit: and yet I feel that tender regard for her, and lively gratitude for her apparent prepossession in my favour, that I could not endure to see her unhappy on my account. Her health declines, and her temper (which used to be sweet and even) is frequently ruffled, and inconsistent: particularly the other night at a ball.

I danced with my charming friend, and Lord Burton with Miss Granger, who complained of indisposition, and left the room. Antónia appeared all herself; tenderly anxious for her friend, who returned her solicitude with a degree of unkindness, of which I imagined

ned

ned her incapable. Her mind seemed in a tumult, and she appeared to faint in consequence of her extreme agitation of spirits. I took her home in my chariot; she reclined her head on my shoulder, and, by a thousand involuntary expressions, disclosed the tenderest sentiments of her heart. When I had set her down, I returned for Miss Temple. Ah! what a different interview succeeded ! With Emilia all my soul was tinctured with a tender pity, my heart bled for her woes, and was softened by her tears. Her regard for me excited a likeness, and indeed but a *likeness* of itself. My mind seemed enervated, and like melting wax susceptible of the softest impression. But oh, Drummond !

when I approached this diviner luminary, that impression was quickly effaced. The beams of exalted virtue warmed my soul, and left no traces of its former weakness. She was too delicate to say any thing about Emilia's behaviour; yet I could perceive, that for one moment, all of the woman about her was offended; and the next that insulted dignity yielded to pity and affection. I am afraid to repeat half her charms; her nobleness of thought, her goodness of heart, her elegance and sweetnes of manners; lest I should thereby engrave them more deeply upon my heart—remembering the sentiments of my favourite author on the subject,

“ Thought

“ Thought too deliver'd is the more
possess'd ;
“ Teaching we learn ; and giving we
retain.—The births of intellect—”

And ought I not to strive (at least)
to forget this too lovely, too amiable
woman ! When she alighted, she ran
up stairs towards Miss Granger's a-
partment, but was stopped by her
woman with a message which I did
not hear, except the conclusion, which
was, to wish her a good night. What
a rebuff to her tenderness ! I was
standing behind her, she turned round
quick. “ You will call upon Miss
Granger to night, I hope, Sir Charles ?
perhaps it may be necessary.” — “ I

will,

will, Madam, (returned I) and in that case she will not be more disturbed if you accompany me"—"By no means (replied she) I will not intrude even on Emilia—I wish you a good night, Sir Charles."—How willingly could I have detained her! Nothing but my respect for her prevented me from telling her so.

I breakfasted there the next morning. Lady Granger and Miss Temple were just returned from an airing. But oh! how altered did the angelic Antonia appear? Pale and dejected, her sweet blue eyes had lost their enchanting brilliance, her accents were faint, and a tremor shook her whole frame. I expressed my surprise at such an alteration

teration from the preceding evening. A blush overspread her face on my taking her hand : she said, she had rested ill—and thanked me for my enquiries, with a degree of reserve and embarrassment, which I never observed in her before. Miss Granger appeared perfectly recovered, and willing to obliterate from Antonia's mind the remembrance of her past unkindness. She has a peculiar kind of weakness which is very insinuating ; and it would appear like inhumanity not to act in conformity to her wishes, and forego one's own happiness, to save her a pain, in which all who know her must participate.—Pity is the mother of love. I foresee a train of consequences ;

sequences; but for the present, am willing to close my eyes upon them.

Industrious in tormenting myself, why should I form a wish for what I never can attain?—I am afraid to know myself, and unwilling to form a conjecture of what would make me happy—Yet I never can be entirely otherwise, while I have the pleasure of subscribing myself

Ever yours,

CHARLES SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To Miss ARMITAGE.

BATH.

"A H, dream of short delight!"—it
is past—the dear delusion is
over—my fate has resumed its ancient
colour; I am again the prey of an-
guish, and disquietude. A gloomy
apprehension over-shadows my mind,
and makes it insensible to the conso-
lations of friendship. Oh, days of
rapture, will ye ever return! Shall
the most exalted of human pleasures
be taxed equally with those, to which

won I

virtue.

virtue gives no sanction? Shall *friendship* feel these vicissitudes? Oh, Carolina! my friend! my companion! I languish to pour all my woes into thy sympathising bosom. I am sick of this place, and of myself. No longer is the friendship of Sir Charles Spencer any consolation to me. I have yet to learn, if my heart has been unguarded enough to admit a sentiment for him of a softer kind than simple friendship. The bare suspicion fills me with anxiety. Yet is it not natural for our regret at parting with a friend, to cast a melancholy over the mind, which for a time, we cannot possibly surmount? or did I ever take leave of my dear Carolina with a grief less poignant, than that which

I now feel? How fatally do I arm my fears against my peace? How causelessly apprehensive? Why should I think myself capable of so much weakness? Is not my heart entirely occupied by the noblest, and most refined of human passions? And because I am happily capable of feeling it in the extreme, shall I be so unjust to myself as to suspect it is one of a meaner kind? No, my judgment may, and *must* do honour to his merit. My esteem is the foundation of a rational regard for him, and I feel I could this moment freely resign him to the woman of his choice. That woman will doubtless be Emilia Granger. Her affection for him will give her a claim upon his generosity,
independ-

independent of her attractions to captivate his *inclinations*. Happy Emilia! how will thy days be brightened! with such a pilot, how smoothly wilt thou glide through the tempestuous ocean of life!

I scruple not to confess to you, my Carolina, that I think Emilia's soul of lower descent than Sir Charles's—she seems conscious of it herself, by the unwillingness she betrays, to see another enjoy his casual attention. A heart like his, is capable of diffusing general happiness—and it discovers a narrowness of soul not to be contented with his love, without excluding others from his friendship. Perhaps I am too severe—perhaps when she is

is secure of his heart, she may no longer fear the influence of another. Alas! that I could see my own foibles with equal clearness. How has my cool judgment been declaiming on errors of the *heart*, in which the *will* has had no share? Emilia is not happy—and no temper can be so invincibly good, as to hold out against the siege of a constant melancholy. Doubtless she has improved the idea of our friendship into something which might clash with her fondest wishes. And shall I, who make more extensive professions, scruple to give up a wish of my own, when it becomes necessary to the happiness of another—and that other Emilia Granger! I should despise my own heart, if it were capable

pable of so mean a selfishness. No, Emilia's interest shall be mine; and I will lose the consciousness of my own misfortunes in the pleasures of procuring her happiness—Adieu, dear Carolina, Miss Granger has sent to desire I will drink tea in her dressing room. To-morrow we set out for Granger Abbey.

I am truly yours

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

I resume my pen to give you the particulars of our conversation. My dear Emilia appeared extremely affectionate, and after a little hesitation, taking my hand, said, "How happy I am, my dear Antonia, at the thoughts

thoughts of leaving Bath; and revisiting those scenes, where we have spent so many happy hours. I implore your pardon for the pain I have given you here. I am sensible of my fault; and I hope the country air will repair the harm it has done you. Indeed as you truly told me, I was not myself—Pity a weakness (continued she) which *you* are superior to. I own I have been so presumptuously careless, as to yield my heart to Sir Charles Spencer—I am sensible I do not deserve him—I acknowledge your superior merit—and I confess I know nobody but yourself that is worthy of him."

"We were both in tears, and I had
not

not the power to interrupt her : at length I told her—that the peculiarity of my fate had prevented me from indulging those sensations, which must (in the end) inevitably destroy my peace—that I had found friendship to be the balm of my life ; and that it was perfectly consistent with my regard, both for Sir Charles and herself, to wish that an union might take place between them : (adding)
“ my dear Emilia, if you knew my heart, you would find it incapable of any thing that could hurt your repose.”

Oh, Antonia ! (said she) I admire, I love you ; but I cannot imitate you. I am very, very weak—but I will never more be ungrateful.”

How

How amply does virtue reward her followers for every sacrifice they make at her shrine ! I feel a complacency and satisfaction which I have long been a stranger to. My heart is fixed, and feels no longer that distracting vicissitude of hope and fear, which lately have kept it on the rack. Can I do too much for the daughter of *Lady Gran-
ger*? who has always thought every thing too little which *she* could do for *hers* and *me* ?

W
A good boy holds
Your promise well
and does not break
ANTONIA.

10. The following table gives the number of hours worked by each of the 1000 workers.

10. The following table gives the number of hours worked by each of the 1000 workers.

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1976-1977 Annual Report

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LETTER XIII.

To MISS TEMPLE.

AKMITAGE HALL.

WHAT evil genius has overruled you, my dear Antonia, and prompted you to renounce happiness in favour of one, whose *acceptance* of it, proves her unworthy of the sacrifice?

How did my Heart exult in the prospect of your dawning felicity;

and

and how have you disappointed my hopes! You are no stoic, Antonia, and I will venture to affirm, no platonic; which you will find, when this heroical paroxysm subsides. My only dependence is on Sir Charles; of whom, I entertain too good an opinion, to imagine he will ever *see* Emilia's attractions, when he cannot but *feel* yours. You were formed for each other; and I know not another character that is worthy of you.

I have deferred writing till I could inform you of the time I am to leave this horrid place, when I proposed to request Lady Granger to grant me the favour of your com-

pany, for a few months, at my uncle's in Lancashire. I am sure you would be delighted both with the situation and inhabitants of Green-Wood. My uncle has been rector there near forty years; and has set an uniform example of all the virtues he preaches. My aunt is a valuable good woman, and the remains of a very fine one. My Father's will leaves me at liberty to spend my time there in what portions I please, provided I divide it equally between them, and my other guardian Sir Oliver. It is now near seven months since I left Lancashire; and this magisterial old law-giver objects to my return. But I am determined not to sacrifice my inclinations to his whim; and therefore

fore intend to signify my resolution, this very day, of going to Green-Wood immediately; and have already wrote to my uncle Belmont, to send for me. Sir Oliver expects his son home in a few days, and often tells me how agreeable Armitage Hall will be made, by his residence here. On such occasions, I can but with difficulty stifle a laugh, as I am no stranger to their intention of uniting us, in order to present my cousin Oliver with the convenient sum of forty thousand pounds, without any incumbrance upon it, except myself — “But Cupid laughs.”

I am impatient for dinner that I
may

may begin the fray—the bell rings :
allons.

Five O'Clock evening.

As soon as the servants were withdrawn, Sir Oliver informed me he had just received a letter from Mr. Armitage, in which his fair cousin was mentioned with particular regard, (adding) “ I expect him next week ; I wish the lad was here for your sake, Caroline ; for (to say the truth,) you have had but a dull time of it, and he will bring down a whole pacquet of news to enliven us.”

“ I am much obliged to Mr. Armitage, Sir Oliver, (I replied) but
I fear

I fear I shall not have that pleasure, if he does not return before next week, as I propose being in Lancashire the latter end of this."

"This week?" (cried Sir Oliver.)
"This week! (reechoed my lady) you astonish me Miss Armitage, what sudden resolution is this?" — "No sudden resolution I assure your ladyship (returned I); but as you and Sir Oliver have been so kind as to prevail on me to exceed my proper limits, I judged it best not to talk about it, till I quite ready, and determined to set out. I have wrote to Green-wood, and expect my uncle Belmont's carriage to meet me at M-----, and shall be obliged

amidst I ..

F 4

to

to your ladyship, and you, Sir Oliver,
to let yours conduct me to it?"

"Indeed, Miss Armitage, I will
consent to no such thing (said her
ladyship) as I think the step highly
improper, I assure you"—Sir Oliver
gave her a nod, and turning to
me, very calmly declared his dis-
approbation of my proceeding; that
he was willing to believe I had
erred for want of thought, and that
he would write to Dr. Belmont im-
mediately, and bid him not to ex-
pect me—"I beg you will not do
that, Sir, Oliver (said I) as I am
really obliged to go, unless I find
reason to change my mind."

"I think

"I think you have sufficient reason, Miss Armitage, (said her ladyship, colouring) it is enough that we disapprove of it—what a most glaring impropriety would it be in you to leave us, at a moment's notice? what would the world say, think you, of such a step?"—"What the world pleases to say on any occasion where I am concerned, is infinitely beneath my notice, madam, (said I)—I do not pay the slightest attention to it. I shall beg leave to judge for myself. I think, without vanity, I am qualified for it. In a few months, indeed, the law will put me in possession of that privilege—I shall be twenty-one very soon.

and I am desirous of keeping my birth-day at Green-Wood."

" You are not at your own disposal at twenty-one, young lady, (said my aunt) you are Sir Oliver's and your uncle Belmont's ward till you are twenty-five, and if you marry without their consent, within that time, you forfeit all your fortune to them, except five thousand pounds."

This last instance of my father's tyranny, was too much for me to support with any degree of patience—at one moment I was fired with resentment, and at another penetrated with grief—I left them, however, with an assurance that I would take post

post-chaises for Green-Wood to morrow morning.

Adieu, dear Antonia! I expect to hear from me the moment I arrive there. In the mean time, promote your own happiness, as you value the peace of

Your

CAROLINE ARMITAGE.

F 6 LET.

LETTER XIV.

To Miss Armitage.

GRANGER ABBEY.

I TAKE up my pen to assure my dear Caroline that to visit you at this time will be most particularly agreeable to me—I have gone too far with Miss Granger to think of receding. She has made me her confidante, and I would never purchase happiness, so ignominiously, as by a breach of faith..

Indeed

Indeed, I am convinced, that happiness cannot exist independent of virtue: and it would be an open violation of her laws to resign myself to the impulse of my own heart, and the indulgence of my wishes, when Miss Granger has my assurance that I will endeavour to promote her's. The conquest may be difficult, but it will be glorious. Can I ever be wretched, if Sir Charles Spencer is happy? what would I not do, to make him so? where he is concerned, life and health are but secondary considerations. I will fly from the dear temptation, and hide my sorrows and my follies in the bosom of my friend. Ought I not to blush, were my passion of that time I

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that degenerate kind, which seeks only its own gratification? In a refined affection, we lose the little considerations of self, and the low distinctions it is apt to suggest—what a conscious inferiority must I feel, were I to give him a hand that is unworthy of him? Now I said nothing of your response, but I need not.

Too amiable Spencer! my heart is already thine, and my congenial soul can never be disunited from thine. May we meet in some heavenly region, more propitious to the ethereal union of kindred spirits. Whither am I transported? Thou friend of my soul, to you my wayward heart exposes all its frailties. I resign myself to your correction—

I commit

I commit myself to your guidance. Ah lead me once more to those paths of peace, I have so often, and so happily trodden with you. Not long ago my infatuated heart renounced those scenes of calm delight which it termed *negative pleasure*. What would I now give to recall them!— How ingloriously have I yielded to the soft illusion! The ruin smiled, and I embraced it. What now remains, but to shun it, till I have acquired resolution sufficient to repel it.

We have been here a week. I was exceedingly fatigued with the journey, and did not set Sir Charles free for two days; on the third, we all dined

dined at Spencer Park by appointment. I armed myself with every consideration that could fortify my heart. My spirits were reduced to a dead calm before we set out, and as we went pensively along, "a little while (said I to my heart) and thou wilt behold the object of thy idolatry, the husband of another woman.—Will thy utmost refinement then preserve thee from the imputation of a crime? or how canst thou reconcile to thyself a principle which can suggest a sigh at the happiness of another?"

Sir Charles came to hand us out of the coach. I thought he looked for Miss Granger, and I determined to

save

Leave her the triumph of seeing me fluttered—and oh! how collected, how composed, did your Antonia appear! while every movement of her heart denied the weak constraint.

There is a gentleman with Sir Charles of very amiable manners and fine sense, and though in the bloom of life, there is something about him, which would have rendered a friendship with him secure from those painful consequences which have attended mine with Sir Charles Spencer. His name is Marshall; he is nephew to Lord Almington, and intends spending a few months at Spencer Park. By so as you had

I had.

I had many opportunities of conversing with him. He seems to possess every amiable quality I have ascribed to Sir Charles, except that nameless something which heightens and finishes every charm, and makes us view him through a medium which throws the mind into a pleasing delirium, and is succeeded by those pangs which I have felt. I hope the struggle is nearly past: I look upon my fate as inevitable, and will endeavour to meet it as becomes me.

The friendship of Sir Charles must ever constitute a part of my happiness; and your society (if I am so happy as to visit Green-Wood) will

will doubtless contribute to restore me to peace.

Let me beg of you, my dear Caroline, to restrain every expression of asperity towards your guardians. Their endeavours to prolong your stay with them, arises from a motive which claims your gratitude rather than resentment. Be more just to yourself than to suppose your fortune is their chief object in the wished for alliance. Let the respect due to the memory of a parent, for ever protect yours, from any reflection that can cast a shade upon it—Ah Caroline! what sensations does the name of parent suggest to me?

“ Ah

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" Ah name forever sad, forever dear,
" Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd
with a tear."

Adieu, dearest Caroline! I am impatient to hear from you, and desirous, in your happiness, of forgetting the misfortunes of a person so inconsiderable as

You're of such beauty
With all the world beside him stands alone
And finding all **ANTONIA TEMPLE.**

To give up such a being to another
Before yours? From your intelligence
I have no doubt that you will do it
So far as your own happiness
Is concerned; but I have a strong
Sense of propriety, however, to advise

MARY

LET.

LETTER XV.

To Blount Drummond Esq.

SPENCER PARK.

I RECEIVED yours* this morning, and am glad you was elected without opposition. Accept my sincere congratulations on the occasion, and my warmest wishes for equal success in every other undertaking. Far other cares employ my mind

* This Letter does not appear.

---Far

—Far other gratifications are the objects of *my* pursuit. You are too well acquainted with my heart to need any information what they are.

My friendship with Miss Temple was (you know) always of the tender kind—the more I knew her, the more was I convinced, that she was a woman formed to make me happy. Yet she had something about her so very angelic; as checked my wishes, at the same time that it raised my admiration. Her behaviour, always easy and frank, carried with it a conviction that she had not a sentiment for me which she wished to conceal. This made me resolv-

resolve to suppress a dawning inclination; which to indulge, and profess, would have deprived me of that freedom to which simple friendship entitled me. In the mean while, the winning carriage, and seducing softness of Miss Granger, and her evident partiality in my favour, impelled me to make a return suitable to her wishes.

I cannot forbear applauding my own prudence on the occasion; as I have every reason to believe that Antonia's regard for me is not tinctured with a sentiment more tender than that of friendship—and in confidence I will declare to you, that could I have cherished a hope of succeed-

succeeding with *her*, Emilia would never have had that share in my affections, which must shortly be hers by every sacred tie.

I had some business with my steward the other morning, and Marshall walked to Lady Granger's. I followed in about a couple of hours, and learnt, when I came there, that he was gone to accompany Miss Temple in one of her morning rambles.

I found Emilia alone at her harpsichord. She ran towards me with an eager and joyful step; but stopped within a few paces, and hung down her head, abashed and confused.

fused.—“ What unkind suggestion has checked your first movement in my favour (said I) my dear Emilia ?” “ No *unkind* suggestion can ever arise towards *you* in my breast, Sir Charles, (said she sweetly blushing) I was only afraid of frightening you.” “ —Dear girl (returned I fondly) I know you are very formidable—but come—will you oblige me with a song ?” “ What shall it be ?” (said she) “ The song which my entrance prevented you from finishing, then, if you please ” (returned I). She sat down, and with a most enchanting *je ne sais quoi* sung “ By my sighs you may discover”: it seemed like a key to all her behaviour.

Directed by her voice, I read the language of her eyes, which sparkled with unusual expression: a charming glow overspread her face, and every feature seemed animated with delight. I was transported beyond myself, and must have been more or less than man, not to have been wrought upon by so bewitching a creature. "This is too much, my sweet Emilia (cried I) you are *too* charming; never more (at one time) exert all your powers of pleasing; half of them are sufficient to subdue all mankind."—"Ah! Sir Charles, (said she) do you speak sincerely, or are you only complimenting?"

What must you think of me, my
lovely

lovely girl (returned I) if I could speak any language foreign to my heart? You have made it vibrate to your touch. Incredulous girl, will you not believe that I love you? What shall I do to convince you of it?"—"Oh heavens! (said she) then, indeed, I am happy (and immediately bursting into tears) I am ~~too~~ blest." I was charmed with her sensibility, and clasped her to my bosom, soothing her into composure by every art I was master of. She received my caresses with an engaging confidence; and before we parted, granted me her permission to ask her mother's consent to our union.

On my return, I met Antonia and

Marshall coming up the Park ; and on my telling them I had engaged the ladies to dine with us at Spencer Park, it was concluded that Antonia should walk forward with me, as we were then nearer my house than theirs, and Marshall would return to accompany Lady Granger and Emilia—and we accordingly set out.

Never had I beheld Antonia look so divinely in my life. Every thing from within, and from without, seemed to aid her beauty. She was dress'd in a robe of white muslin ; her cap shaded her face, and a beautiful ringlet had escaped it, which gave infinite grace to her profile and neck. She wore a chip-hat, with a white feather,

feather, and in her bosom was placed a nosegay of wild roses. A sweet refinement, and superior elegance shone in her appearance, and a mental glow heightened its embellishment. Her enchanting blue eyes beamed with divine complacency; and, in contemplating the heaven before me, I forgot the humbler charms of my poor Emilia. How engaging was her conversation? Sure no woman ever spoke so well, or thought so nobly. She began to give me the particulars of her walk.

"We have been (said she) at the wood that over-hangs the brook,

G 3 and

and in its inmost recess there is the finest echo I ever heard. The place is romantic and charming, and the observations of Mr. Marshall have contributed not a little to my amusement; — though I could not help being inattentive to them sometimes, with thinking what yours would have been on so beautiful a scene."

" You were kind, my dear lady, (said I) to throw a thought away upon me, when your attention was so agreeably engaged." " Are you surprised at 'it? (replied she) is it not a laudable selfishness which makes us covet the society of those, from whom we reap advantage and improvement? Independent of my friend-

ship

ship and esteem for you, I know not any one whose company I prefer."

"Thank you, my dear Antonia," said I, kissing her hand) your preference does me honour; but must I not expect its decrease, when your accustomed indifference shall vanish, and your heart become sensible of the merit of some person who may be so happy as to inspire softer sensations, than any you have already experienced?"

"I hope, and believe, Sir Charles, (returned she gravely) that time will never come. Love, I think, is the natural product of a heart at ease,

and in pursuit of *perfect* happiness—
for though it is not to be attained
here, yet I think a person who is
in love, and likely to succeed with
the object beloved, must have little
of that enthusiasm which generally
characterizes the passion, if they do
not aspire to a bliss which knows
no alloy. My mind has never been
long enough at ease to foster such
a fond chimera; my gratifications
are in another walk. Love is a
flower to deck our *earthly* paradise.
Friendship is of *heavenly* growth, and
partakes of the nature of that re-
ward which I humbly hope for, in
another world.

"It is not the smallest of its pri-
vileges,

vileges, that I can express myself so freely—and I will farther acknowledge to you, that I once surprized my heart off its guard, and ready to resign itself in favour of a person whose merits had imperceptibly gained upon it. But I implored the father of mercy to aid me in so great a conquest as that of subduing my own heart, and relinquishing *his*, which I found had long been devoted to another. My virtue was interested to secure my happiness; for in what predicament should I have stood, had my affections remained unconquered, till their object was become the husband of another woman?"

At the beginning of this conver-

sation we sat down in the plantation. I could not forbear exclaiming (as I pressed her to my bosom) "Dear Antonia, my angelic girl! what man would not with pleasure resign the whole sex, to obtain the most amiable individual of it?"—

"Dear Sir Charles, (said she smiling) you are partial; and I hope you will always be so, if any part of your friendship depends upon it. For yours, and that of a few others, must console me for every ill. And now let me beg your interest with Lady Granger, to inform me who I am, and who my parents were, for to this hour I am ignorant."

"Ignorant

"Ignorant of your birth, my lovely girl? (cried I) you astonish me! and does Lady Granger know, and refuse to inform you?"

"Her motive (said she) is a very kind one. She fears to distress me by a recital of their misfortunes. But she consoles me with the assurance that they were virtuous, though unfortunate—from whence I conclude that I derive every thing from her ladyship, who has been a parent to me in every thing but the name.—Did Lady Granger but know how much solicitude I feel from my ignorance of what I wish so much to know, she would no longer think it kind to refuse me."—Her voice faltered,

tered, the flowers in her bosom were agitated by its heavings, and trembled softly o'er the sweet expanse; her eyes were suffused in tears, and the colour fled from her lips as she pronounced the concluding words.

I threw my arm round her for a support. Recovering a little, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, she continued, "What room have I, think you, for love? let your friendship help to supply its place, and never, more let me experience its tormenting emotions."—I was unable to say any thing, but that I would endeavour to prevail on Lady Granger to give her the wished for information.

This

This request reminded me of that I had to propose in my own behalf. Gladly then would I have dispensed with it; for my soul was too full of Antonia, to entertain a thought about any other woman. God only knows how I should have acted, if she had left me any room to hope I might have been a favoured lover. I am willing to believe myself incapable of using Emilia ill; but certainly I could not have made the promised request to her mother.

I told Antonia of it, and she said she was convinced that Emilia had a sincere attachment to me; and wished us both that happiness which

she

she was pleased to add, we merited.
“Thank you, dear Antonia, (said I, with a sigh) but I feel something here, which tells me that happiness will never be my lot.”—“Hush, do not presage (said she) it would scarcely become me to talk in that manner.”

“Promise me then, charming Antonia (said I) that you never will withdraw from me your invaluable friendship.”—“Never Sir Charles, (said she) never—I must forget myself when I cease to remember you.”—I sealed the promise with a kiss on her sweet lips—glorious presumption!

She
soft

She was covered with blushes. I reverenced the sweet suffusion, and my whole soul did homage to her delicate sensibility. My heart is undoubtedly her's, but as I have nothing to hope from her declarations, and my engagements to Emilia rendered it impossible to make an honourable retreat, I applied for her mother's consent, which was immediately granted.

I need not assure you it shall be my constant aim to make Emilia happy in a good husband. I imagine it will not be long before I appear in that character; and I am

very

very desirous that you should be present at its commencement.

I remain

Ever yours

CHARLES SPENCER,

LET

LET

LETTER XVI.

To Miss TEMPLE.

GREEN-WOOD.

EXPECT now an account of my adventures, and a particular detail of the perils I encountered in my journey from Armitage Hall to Green-Wood. I remember the time when I should have been extremely disappointed at meeting so few; but a juster taste has succeeded those ideas of errantry I once entertained, and I thought

I thought myself fortunate in arriving safe without any intervening accident.

As soon as I had sealed my last letter to you, I began to assist my maid in packing up my cloaths, and dispatched a servant to the next town to order a post-chaise, to be at Armitage Hall early the next morning. I went down to tea as usual — my lady's brow was contracted, but Sir Oliver appeared frank and cheerful, though an uneasy constraint mocked his utmost endeavours to conceal it.

After the first cup, I ran to the window, and looking out said "are you

you weather-wise Sir Oliver? will
to-morrow be a fine day, think you?"

"Have you any particular reason
for asking, Miss Armitage?" said
her ladyship tartly). "To be sure,
madam, (answered I) doubtless I must
wish for fine weather in so long a
journey." — What journey?" (cried
she, almost choked with choler)

"Lord! madam, have you forgot?
I told you at dinner I am going to
Green-Wood to-morrow; has your
ladyship any commands to my un-
cle and aunt Belmont?"

"I say (replied she) this is past
all endurance; what do you mean
by treating Sir Oliver, and me in
this manner? I say, Sir Oliver, why
don't

don't you speak to her?"—"Your ladyship will not give him time (said I,) and I must beg my uncle to spare himself the trouble, as I should be sorry not to pay a proper respect to his advice; but my resolution is unalterably fixed, and appears to me a very reasonable one. I think I am under sufficient restrictions by my father's will; and whoever infringes on the little liberty he has allowed me, I shall certainly regard as my enemies, and apply to the Lord Chancellor for an exemption from their authority."—"I say authority!" (retorted her ladyship) Oh, good Lord, what will these young girls come to! I say, Sir Oliver, you sit there and never speak a word,

it

it is really monstrous. What do you mean to let her go then?"

"Do you think to stop her, my lady, by talking in this manner? (replied he) what you don't think to frighten her like a child, my lady! — But you women are so violent, there's no stopping you. Caroline, I hope you won't pretend to leave us to morrow, as you see how much it will disoblige your aunt."

"Good God! uncle (said I,) can you desire me to disappoint my uncle and aunt Belmont? who never thwarted me in their lives." — "That is the reason you are so head-strong now (said my aunt,) I say that girls ought

ought to be contradicted; they are spoiled by having so much of their own wills—and I say it is most monstrous to indulge them so."

Your ladyship will not be answerable for any indulgence I have received (returned I,) as I will at any time clear you from the imputation of having shewn me any. It is not from obstinacy that I am determined to go to morrow, but I think it high time to pay Green-Wood that compliment, which has already been delayed too long—My heart is entirely set upon it, and any attempt to detain me here against my inclination will only make me annex the idea

of restraint, whenever I think of Armitage Hall."

"Oh, good Lord, (cried my aunt) then I suppose she must take her own way, Sir Oliver?"—He returned a decisive nod, saying Caroline will now go for the sake of contradiction—You might have known that my lady from yourself—but there's no stopping you—no stopping you, by Jove."—Caroline, I must speak a few words with you in my study."—I followed him there,

"Caroline, (said he) I hope your spirit will not transport you beyond proper bounds, and you must allow Lady Armitage and I, to be better judges

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judges of propriety than yourself, and consequently you ought to pay a proper deference to our opinion; and I think it highly improper for a young heiress to take so long a journey without any escort but servants. If you will stay till my son comes home, he shall accompany you."

"I am extremely obliged to you, Sir Oliver, but you must pardon me, if I persist in my resolution; I am not a child now, and cannot forbear asserting the prerogative of judging for myself, as no part of my conduct has been such as to make me forfeit that privilege. My uncle Belmont expects me on Friday, and

and will meet me at M----- at three o'clock.—I confess my resolution of going to morrow was dictated by resentment, and a wish to convince my aunt how ill I can brook all this opposition. I will take my maid with me, and both my footmen.—I don't wish to be alone."—
"I believe you, I believe you, (said he) but since it must be so, you shall have my carriage, and the steward shall escort you on horseback."

I was affected by my uncle's good-nature, and made him a thousand acknowledgements.—My journey was now once more fixed for Friday; and accordingly on that day we parted with tolerable cordiality.

My uncle and aunt met me according to appointment, accompanied by Lord Robert and Lady Mary Willmot, who are on a visit at Lord Almington's (your Marshall's uncle,) whose seat is very near Green-Wood. She appears to be a most amiable woman, and Lord Robert is really a very agreeable man.

The pleasure of meeting my uncle and aunt, and the happiness I promised myself for several succeeding months, gave me an abundant flow of spirits, which were by no means flatten'd by my sometimes taking Lady Mary's seat in the phaeton, which was driven by Lord Robert; on which occasions Lady Mary

Mary was so obliging as to squeeze
into the chariot.

Our ride was perfectly delightful. The moment we arrived at Green-Wood your letter was delivered to me—Ah Antonia! how far do you leave me behind in the flights of virtue! I will endeavour to render myself more worthy of the title of

Your most sincere
And affectionate friend
CAROLINE ARMITAGE,

LETTER XVII.

To LADY MARY WILLMOT.

GRANGER ABBEY.

ALL your pleasing presages, my dear Lady Mary, are at length realized, and your Emilia is arrived at the summit of her fondest wishes. Sir Charles Spencer loves me, and one short month will see me united to the man of my heart.

I beseech you hasten to Granger
Abbey,

Abbey, and instruct me now how to bear my *good* fortune; for notwithstanding my happiness, I am strangely apprehensive; and never think of marrying the man, whose loss I could not survive, without an alarm which vibrates through every nerve—am I not a capricious creature?

But Sir Charles is so very pre-eminent a character—his ideas are so very refined, and there is so much of sublimity about him---that I cannot flatter myself, I have accomplishments or attractions sufficient to fill such a heart as his.—And though I cannot suppose that Miss Temple's heart has the advantage of mine, I am sensible her genius is more elevated,

ted, and she is capable of attaining those heights of virtue, which I cannot even aspire to.

Never can I cease to be grateful to her for the sacrifice she made to me of Sir Charles—but had *her* heart been as entirely devoted to him as *mine* is, she could not have done it.—Yet how ungenerous am I? why should I seek to lessen a proceeding so favourable to myself?

I know not what I wish—Dear Lady Mary, I want you to come and read Sir Charles's heart for me! But should you find him actuated by pity and generosity only, spare me the discovery; let me imagine his heart gives

me an involuntary preference. When the most sacred and indissoluble bonds have united us, sure these sad thoughts will vanish, and I shall no longer doubt my claim to the most amiable of mankind.

Let me entreat you to come hither immediately from Lord Almington's — I know not what hangs about me — I am alarmed at, I know not what. I look upon Antonia as a person I have injured; and her unsuccessful efforts to be cheerful are a continual reproach upon me. It is true she appears calm and unruffled, and her dejection is not very perceptible; but I have never seen

her gay and degagee since we left Bath.

Supposing her to be formed for Sir Charles, shall I not thwart the will of heaven by interposing? I know my behaviour to Sir Charles (though involuntary) has precipitated his declarations—wretched girl that I am, can I never be happy?

I protest to you, life would be insupportable to me without him; and that conviction induced me to make Antonia my confidante, as the only security against herself—was it not cruel, Lady Mary, to make her virtue take arms against her peace?

Come

Come without delay, and dispel
these corroding reflections. Tell my
Lord Robert I expect the perform-
ance of a promise he has so often
made me, that of being present
when I resign my liberty.

Sir Charles has this morning pre-
sented me with a set of the most
beautiful diamonds I ever saw—they
are in a little casket of agate, mount-
ed in silver, with the picture of
his mother in the lid. He presented
one of pearl to Antonia at the same
time, desiring her to wear the dia-
monds it contained in honour of
the occasion. She took out the brace-
lets, and put them upon her arms,
and in a manner at once decisive

and graceful, declined accepting any but them—saying she believed she had no right to wear diamonds; but that the pictures which were set in those, (which were Sir Charles's and mine) would make her regardless of the impropriety.

There was something in her manner which precluded a reply, and Sir Charles was obliged, though with visible reluctance, to receive back the casket.

This circumstance reminded my mother of some jewels which she has long had in keeping for Antonia. They were now brought down, and declared to be her mother's. And

on

on my mother's selecting the bracelets with the pictures of each of her parents upon them, Antonia could only exclaim, "Oh, my God! are these my parents!"—before she sunk lifeless into the arms of Sir Charles. She has been very ill ever since; I have only left her to finish my letter, and Sir Charles promised to stay in her dressing room till my return.

My mother is extremely alarmed at Antonia's indisposition: as she says her health has been declining for several months past, and fears her excessive sensibility will continue to augment her indisposition.

Sir Charles says, the most probable expedient to relieve her mind will be, to leave her no longer in doubt about the fate of her parents; as her sollicitude on that account, he has reason to think, has preyed upon her—My mother told him *that* had always been her intention, and that nothing but the fear of making Antonia unhappy had protracted it so long — that she brought down the jewels in order to introduce the subject, but would now conclude to defer it till she visited her friend Miss Armitage, when she would take that opportunity of sending it to her in writing.

I am willing, my dear Lady Mary,

to

to deduce some comfort to myself from Antonia's excess of sensibility, as I think it a proof that her regard for Sir Charles never was such, as to awaken it.

I am summoned to tea. Let me hear from you next post, and see you as soon as possible, which will make a considerable addition to the happiness of

Your most affectionate

EMILIA GRANGER.

LET-

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LETTER XVIII.

To SIR CHARLES SPENCER.

LONDON.

WHAT a strange inconsistent fellow are you, my dear Spencer?—on the verge of matrimony with one woman, and dying for love of another. I am far from wishing you to recede from your engagements, as I think your honour is concerned. Much less would I wish you to marry Miss Granger, unless you can do it
without

without reluctance. I am willing to allow the full force of her regard for you; but that is a very imperfect foundation on which to build conjugal felicity, unless you can make an equal return. Summon all your resolution, my dear Spencer!—determine to be just—and be not kind by halves. With your hand, give Emilia your heart; and suffer it not to wander after one, who (though preferable to all her sex) is both from her own situation and yours, inaccessible to you.

I waited on your sister with your letter as soon as I received it. It was noon, but she was not risen: I therefore sent up my name, and waited below

below for her appearance. I had not sat long, before a very pretty girl precipitately entered the room all in tears, and had fastened the door before she observed me. She started when she saw me, and attempted to run back—I took hold of her hand, telling her she had nothing to fear from me, and begged to know how I could be of service to her?—She said nobody could serve her, for those who had the *power* had not the inclination; and others she durst not trust. “And dare you not trust me, my dear?” (said I) “I do not know” (replied she, irresolutely) “I don’t know you Sir.”—“My name is Drummond, (said I) and if you will let me know how I can serve you, I shall

I shall be happy to do it to the utmost of my power."

"Are you married Sir?"—"No my dear."—"Have you a mother? or a sister?"—"Neither," (said I) "Then you can be of no service to me, for I wish to put myself under the protection of some good lady for a little while." "I am expecting Miss Spencer every moment, (returned I,) but if you will tell me your name, and meet me in the Mall this evening, you never shall repent reposing that confidence in me, though a stranger. You may bring whom you please with you, or appoint any other place which you prefer."

She

She promised to meet me; said her name was Sophia Mortimer, and begged me not to take any notice that I had seen or spoke to her; and left the room by another door. She has the appearance of much simplicity and innocence, and seems about the age of sixteen.

A striking contrast was soon exhibited in the person of Lady Bell Cleland, who soon after made her appearance with all that assurance, which is frequently mistaken for good breeding, by the ladies of the ton.
"Good morning, Drummond, (said her ladyship) what procures us the honour of your company this morning? I thought you had set too much value

value upon it to bestow it on the ladies." "By no means, (replied I)--just the contrary. I assure your ladyship, I am never so happy as in the company of those ladies, whom I can esteem for their merit, as well as admire for their beauty."---(at the same time bowing ironically)

" You are an unaccountable fellow," (replied she)---Miss Spencer will wait on you presently---What news from your friend Sir Charles ? he makes no figure in the world, but lives as though he were dead. Does he intend to be buried in Spencer Park ? or does he mean only to seclude himself, with Harry Marshall, from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world ?

(dreaded)

world? Don't you think him strangely stupid?" "Horridly so," (replied I) and it is amazing to me, that he has not already been at your ladyship's feet, to prefer a request he has commissioned me to make to you, which will certainly confirm your opinion of his dulness"—"What is it, (said she eagerly)—speak, you teasing wretch! what is it you have to say? why did not Sir Charles make the application himself?"—"He was too stupid"—"Pshaw, you are impertinent, Drummond—speak, you devil!"
Miss SPENCER entered, and I held up your letter. "Should you like to go to a wedding Juliet?"—"Where is there one?"—(cried they both in a breath)

breath) “ at Spencer Park, dont you know a friend of yours that is there?” “ Marshall, (said Juliet faintly) yes, I would go to his wedding with pleasure; but give me the letter.” —I did so, and she retired to read it.

“ And so Marshall is going to be married, said Lady Bell; pray who is to figure as bride on the occasion?” —“ Miss Granger of Granger Abbey,” (said I,) “ I know her, (replied she,) a piece of still life—But tell me what is the request you have to make from Sir Charles?” —I was prevented from making any reply by the entrance of Juliet. “ Oh God, Lady Bell! (cried she) my brother is going to be married to Miss Granger—see there.” —

Lady

Lady Bell turned pale, and, after reading the letter, turned to me with a voice half choked with rage, "how durst you trifle with me, Sir?" "I am serious, upon my soul, (said I) and my request is, that you will spare Juliet to be present at her brother's nuptials, which are to be solemnized next week,"---"Pitiful coxcomb! (said she with contempt,) there was no doubt of my concurrence."---Juliet bids me tell you she has not time to write, but will be with you before the day.

I kept my appointment in the Mall, but instead of my little nymph, a note was given me by a porter, wherein she tells me, that she was prevented waiting on me, but desires me

me to meet her in St. James's Park to morrow morning when the guard is relieved. I returned for answer that I would not fail; and will inform you of the event in my next, except I see you in the mean time.

I remain, dear Spencer,

Ever yours,

BLOUNT DRUMMOND.

LET.

the channel and in full view of me
bring out new painful wretchedness
to me, for I know I have been a
LETTER XIX.

To MISS ARMITAGE.

GRANGER ABBEY.

WOULD to God, my dear Caroline, I was now sitting down to inform you of the marriage of Sir Charles Spencer and Miss Granger. The die would then be cast; and I could not have a painful thought without the imputation of guilt; and that apprehension would I hope be of importance enough to

to banish the thoughts which would create it. It is doubtless an awful thing to die; yet how far more clearly could I meet death than the approaching festival? I dread it; and yet I wish it here; for the intermediate space detains me so far longer from the consolation of your friendship.

I walked from hence to Spencer Park the other morning with Sir Charles. Oh Caroline! such another walk I must never again enjoy. The conversation turned, I know not how, upon love. How tender and delicate, how noble and manly were his sentiments on the subject! My heart acquiesced with every word

he uttered, and beat responsive to every sentence. When he paused, it seemed suspended: but as if actuated by some involuntary power, pathetically asked me "is not Sir Charles Spencer formed to make me happy?" Alas; conscience put in her claim to be heard, and silenced the softer pleader. I feared for my own weakness: I beheld the bright temptation, replete with all that could charm the judgment or allure the heart. That inexorable judge alone remained unsubdued; and at length I obeyed its dictates. I made my weakness my *fort*; I confessed an attachment, but concealed the object; which will effectually preclude a discovery on his part, and

I prevent

prevent him from seeing my regard
for him in its utmost force.

I cannot pretend to give you the particulars of our conversation till I see you. It was a long one; and is too deeply engraved on my heart for succeeding scenes ever to efface. How often did I say to myself, "Happy Emilia!" and as often did I sigh, as repining at the prospect.--- Ungenerous heart! how much dost thou want refining! I blush at my own degeneracy, and aspire to be made fit for the society of just men made perfect.

A few days after he waited upon Miss Granger with a set of dia-

I 2 monds,

monds; and at the same time presented another to me almost equal in value. I absolutely refused all but the bracelets; and prevailed on myself to keep them on account of Sir Charles's picture and that of Emilia being upon them; which, I assured them, I never should view without the sincerest pleasure, and the most fervent prayers for their happiness. Lady Granger then presented me with a cabinet which she told me contained my mother's jewels; and selected from amongst them her picture, and that of my father. Oh, Caroline! what new, what unspeakable sensations did I experience? I beheld my parents! good God! the authors of my being! the tender

der appellations of parent and child thrilled through my frame; the contending emotions overpowered my senses, and I sunk lifeless in the arms of Sir Charles. When I recovered, he was supporting me; but oh! how was every faculty absorbed in the solicitude I felt, to know the fate of those dear originals, whose resemblances had caused such strange commotions!

I was carried to bed, and was shortly after visited by Miss Granger and Sir Charles — I was totally lost in thought while she staid. She left the room on some occasion, desiring Sir Charles to stay with me till her return. When I was able to speak,

" Oh! Sir Charles, (said I) are my parents dead? shall I never see them in reality? will Lady Granger never tell me?"—He begged me to be composed; assuring me that her ladyship would send me the particulars in writing of all she knew concerning my family, when I visited Miss Armitage in Lancashire. I made no answer but by my tears. " Why my dear Antonia, (said he) will you not summon up your fortitude? you distress me beyond expression. You almost make me out of humour with happiness. I shall not be able to resign myself to my Emilia, without mixing your tears with the offering.—It would be injustice to that Being, who is the author

author and rewarder of virtue, to doubt his future protection.—Do you not see every creature that knows you, as much interested in *your* happiness as if their own was dependent on it? and will the united efforts of all your friends prove ineffectual to restore peace to that dear breast, which can claim it as the consequence of virtue? Resume yourself, my dear Antonia—keep the tenor of your soul unshaken—and believe that your happiness is as dear to me, as my own, and shall never want a promoter while I breathe the vital air."

How eloquent! how delicate is Sir Charles! His soul is formed

for sacred friendship. Why should I make his virtues the cause of my unhappiness? How have I perverted the kindest gift of heaven? Let the time past suffice, and let me doubly prize the future, which gives me the power of retrieving. My path has long been thorny and perplexed, but methinks I see the temple of peace at the end of it.

Miss Spencer and Mr. Drummond are arrived at Spencer Park, and Lord Robert Willmot and his sister are expected here to-morrow. The ensuing day was that appointed for the wedding; but Miss Granger has begged to postpone it till next week. She says, she feels a depression of spirits,

spirits, and that she hopes to be better when Lady Mary Willmot arrives; that she would not have the day on which her happiness commences, profaned with one sigh. Poor Emilia! “ ‘Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer.”—Happy day indeed will it be, if the spirits which minister to human happiness, can exclude the dæmons that wait to thwart it. That unallayed bliss may be her portion, and that of my dear Caroline, prays

Your affectionate

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

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LETTER XX.

TO LADY ARABELLA CLELAND.

SPENCER PARK.

O H! for a pen to sing of Arcadian plains, of shady groves, of purling streams, of cooing turtles, adoring swains and gentle Pastorella's. 'Tis too much in all conscience, Lady Bell; I can never support it. My sentimental brother—my renegado lover—my sister who is to be—my sister who should have been, for (to tell you

the

the truth,) I think my brother did not consult what was most proper in the nature of things, when he chose Miss Granger instead of Miss Temple —such a set of beings as my residence with you had totally banished from my imagination. But take the particulars, and let them speak for themselves.

When I arrived here, the first object which met my eyes was Marshall standing at a window, from whence, on seeing my carriage he vanish'd in a moment. I found my brother in his library. Was it not an Hibernicism in you, Lady Bell, to insist on my telling you precisely how he looked, at the same time that you declared there

was something about him which never could be described? That something was still there, and wanted nothing but a little of the *ton* to render him altogether a fine fellow. He was dressed, with a genteel negligence, in a grey frock, and his hair without powder. "Lord, brother, (cried I) you look as if you were married already; is this your full dress?" "Suppose it is, my gay sister, (said he) can you find any thing in it preposterous enough to ridicule? I think yours will enable me to repay you in kind, as it is long since I have seen any thing so utterly destitute of taste and elegance as your dress appears to me. --- Perhaps you may think me rustics'd, and I confess that fashion can never

never make me forget what is natural and truly elegant."—"I have not an idea what you mean, upon my honour, Sir Charles, (replied I). If nature is your guide, she has given us no cloaths at all; and elegance is differently defined by every different person. What is *your* standard for elegance?" I will shew you to-morrow, (said he) in the Ladies of Granger Abbey, whose hair is neither loaded with powder nor pomatum, but comb'd easily up, in all the beauty of their native hue; and instead of that injudicious exposure of the neck and bosom, in *them* you will see beauty in the shade, ever most attractive to a delicate imagination."

"Have

"Have you done, brother? (cried I,) this to be sure is as little as I could expect; I am only surprized that you speak in the plural number; and don't center all that is elegant and adoreable in your intended bride. I confess I did not expect to find you such an adept in fashions, and am happy to find the loss of my milliner so well supplied by the grave and sentimental Sir Charles Spencer. Ah, love! love! love! but what tapestry figure was that at the window as I came up the avenue? I thought it was Marshall, but he flew away the moment I appeared. I hope I am not absolutely shocking, notwithstanding your rudeness"—so saying, I ran to the glass, where I had not time to pay myself

myself one compliment, before Marshall entered, and, instead of the emaciated appearance I expected him to make, in consequence of his disappointment from me, I beheld him as ruddy and sleek, as a country rector upon a fat living—nor did he appear in the least embarrassed, but paid his compliments with as much ease, as if he did not care a straw for me, which I fear is really the case, as by that means I shall lose a glorious triumph.

I left him, however, as little cause for exultation: turning again to the glass, “dear Sir Charles, (cried I) how can you be so barbarous? I protest my head-dress is absolutely divine. What can possibly be more elegant?

don’t

don't you admire it Marshall?" "I am no judge of caps, madam, (said the wretch) but I think yours is no ornament." "The devil take you, (said I) you are both incorrigible. I suppose, Marshall, you have got some Dulcinea here to propose as a pattern too?"

He had not time to answer, for my brother led me into another room, where he delivered a very solemn declamation upon taking the devil's name in vain; how unbecoming the *mildness*, the *delicacy*, the *modesty* and *decorum* of my sex, with a long &c., &c. &c.

In spite of pride I am mortified that Marshall does not retain so much as a

trace

trace of his passion for me,---Nothing but a new object could so effectually have erased it from his heart—and is there any country girl, think you, who will dare to contend for a heart which Juliet Spencer condescends to level at ?

The day following we dined at Granger Abbey. Miss Granger has nothing of either the woman of quality or fashion about her, though not inelegant, but horridly deficient in address—Miss Temple has all the ease and elegance of polite life, and really makes the other appear insignificant. I remember your description of her from Bath, and think you scarcely did her justice. Miss Granger sung very agreeably;

agreeably; after which I condescended to give them an air, which they had taste enough to approve. Miss Temple could not be prevailed upon to sing, but she gave us a lesson on the harpsichord, in the finest taste, and with the most complete execution I ever heard from any but a master.

Survey the paper I have foil'd, and tell me if I have not exceeded your utmost expectation. My compliments to Lord Cleland. Conclude me

Yours most affectionately,

JULIET SPENCER.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To Miss ARMITAGE.

SPENCER PARK.

IT is long since I felt that real tranquillity of heart which I now possess; and whatever I might suppose, while under the influence of an unhappy passion, I am now convinced that it was fostered by the illusions of hope. The fatal light of that *ignis fatuus* is now extinguished. I look back as from a rock, on the dangers
of

of a shipwreck, and flatter myself
I have saved my peace from the gene-
ral ruin.

Lady Mary Wilmot gave me your letter.* The character you give me of her is, I think, very justly drawn, and shews your own to great advantage, as it is free from those strokes of humour, in which you generally abound; which can only embellish a character, less amiable than your own; and which, like the figures in a picture, should never be brought forward except they are principal ones, as they would otherwise conceal beauties which they cannot give.

* This Letter does not appear.

You

You are sparing of your encomiums on Lord Robert, whom I think no less agreeable than his sister. His lordship is by no means insensible of the charms of the lovely Miss Armitage, on whose praises he dwells with unceasing pleasure. Lord Robert has an amiable disposition, and, with a sprightly imagination, possesses manly sense and solid judgment. I know you are impatient to hear an account of our Arcadian nuptials, which were celebrated this morning. If I am not so particular as you could wish, impute it to the many things, from within, and from without, that claimed my attention; which being so divided, prevented me from taking a just account

of

of either. This premised, I will give you a journal of the day, and depend on your goodness to pardon all its errors.

I rose at six o'clock this morning, and had just slipped on my gown, when a gentle tap at the door announced Miss Granger. I opened it, and she caught my hand.
“Good morning my dear Emilia, (said I,) may every day of your life shine like this blessed one; may you live long and happy.”—“My dear kind Antonia (said the amiable girl) you are too good—I can now look back on ten thousand acts of kindness which I did not perceive at the time they were conferred.

I have

I have one more favour to beg of you, my dear Antonia, a favour greater than any of the rest---tell me sincerely whether you think Sir Charles Spencer really loves me?"

"Good God, my dear Emilia! what a question! if he loves you? is it not self-evident? is not this day to seal it for ever? can you possibly doubt his affection?"

"Ah! my dear Antonia, (replied she) you know not half my imprudence. I loved Sir Charles in spite of myself, I have reason to think, long before he entertained a tender thought of me. It was not in my power to conceal my sentiments; and, I fear, pity rather

than

than inclination has extorted a return. I need not tell you, dear Antonia, that I love him to distraction, ---yet if you think I shall be unjust to accept his hand on such terms, though this is fixed for my wedding-day, I would, --- Oh my God! *could* I?—renounce him for ever."

"For heaven's sake, my dear girl, (cried I) make me not the arbitress of your fate; nor seek to wound the hearts of your lover and friends by such an ill-timed refinement. It is a supposition unworthy of Sir Charles to imagine he would marry a woman he does not love---you do not suppose he gives any other woman

than the preference to yourself?"---
"I am sensible I know one who
deserves it," said she, taking my hand.
I blushed excessively.

"Oh Antonia! (continued she) if
your excess of goodness makes you
wretched, what have I to answer
for?"---"Make yourself easy on that
head, dear Emilia, (said I) and rest
satisfied that if I am not happy, it
is my own fault, at least not yours.
There are many peculiarities in my
fate which are chargeable on no
one; but I have yet the consolati-
on of a thankful heart for the be-
nefits I *do* enjoy---My path may
be strewed with thorns, but they
produce some roses; and I shall be

as unhappy as I deserve to be, if ever I cease to rejoice in the welfare of my friends. Do not disappoint me in the satisfaction I have promised myself in seeing you blest: do not thwart the wishes of the man of your heart by receiving, with an averted hand, the happiness he offers you. Banish every gloomy idea, my dearest Emilia, and dress your face in ever-blooming smiles, to meet the most amiable of mankind. Think that every thing conspires to make you happy---think this glorious sun an emblem of the brightness of your future days. Look in the face of every friend you have, and you will read in each a solicitude for *your* peace.

You

You have *my* most ardent prayers for everlasting felicity. Do not be so perverse as to retain any dissatisfaction --- consider how seldom happiness is in our reach: you have it now within your grasp --- let no causeless apprehension ever rob you of it."

" Dear Antonia, (said she, embracing me) you have shewn me what superior goodness is; continue to love, and to reclaim me if I ever stray again." " Beware Emilia, (said I) how you give way, for the future, to distrust or causeless fear; consider every pang will then be double, and every wound which you receive, will at the same time pierce the

heart of your husband, whose behaviour, I will venture to pronounce, will never justify one painful thought."

I was going to remind her of its being time to dress, when Lady Mary entered on tip-toe. "Fie upon you both (cried she) you fly creatures — here have you been laying plans this hour, for an irreproachable conduct in the married state, and have excluded me from the benefit of them.—Poor Emilia! sweet sleep has forsaken your eye-lids betimes this morning—But why don't you, dress you thoughtless girls? See I am almost armed at all points— You won't be ready, Emilia, I must

be

be obliged to be married for you.—I beg we may be *en désabille*; what think you of white muslins, Emilia?" "With all my heart (said Emilia) I know Antonia is fond of white—come into my dressing room, and let us all dress together." "Allons, (cried Lady Mary) come Antonia. I protest Emilia is afraid some spirit should steal her out of the window, to disappoint her promised happiness—come and let us guard her."

We followed laughing, and before we came down stairs, were much enlivened by the charming vivacity of Lady Mary. There was a great similarity in our appearance, as we

each wore a muslin Poloneze, pearls,
and our hair without powder.

Emilia seemed painfully sollicitous
about her appearance—did not like
her cap — thought mine elegant,
and wished hers was like it. I chan-
ged with her—still she said my head
was more becoming than hers, and
wished her hair was the colour of
mine.—Lady Mary humorously said,
“Antonia, why don’t you change
hair with her?”—The tear stood
ready to start in Emilia’s eye, and
she replied, “Antonia is ever
indulgent to me, and must give
me *all* her virtues before I can de-
serve her kindness, and all her attrac-
tions before I can do without it.”

Lady

Lady Mary was afraid the conversation was growing too grave, and replied "Upon my word, Emilia, that compliment was delicately turned; Antonia shall not disclaim it, therefore we will go down if you are ready."

"We were in the hall at eight o'clock, and at nine our expected guests arrived in Sir Charles's coach ---Miss Spencer wore an Italian night gown of white lutestring with silver leaves; Sir Charles a white frock, with a waistcoat which I worked at Bath---Mr. Drummond's frock was like Sir Charles's, and all the gentlemen wore tambour waistcoats---

I have written to Lady
Babington.

Lady Granger wore a suit of white satin.

As soon as the breakfast was removed, the carriages were ordered. In Lady Granger's coach was her ladyship, Sir Charles and Emilia: in the chariot, Lady Mary and Mr. Drummond: in Sir Charles's chariot, myself and Mr. Marshall: and in Lord Robert's, himself and Miss Spencer.

We proceeded to church in the order I have mentioned. When Emilia approached the altar, she began to tremble. She looked behind. I stood next her after Lady Mary. She beckoned me, and I stepped

stepped up to her, and whispered,
"Now Emilia, meet your felicity
as becomes you, and do not shrink
from the blessing you are courted
to receive. Look at Sir Charles,
and learn a proper confidence from
him"—at the same time I looked at
him, and perceived all the colour
had deserted his face; his very lips
were pale. Happy for Emilia she
did not perceive it: as for myself,
I was utterly disqualified for artic-
ulating another syllable, but shrank
into my place in an universal trepi-
dation. I dare not think what ideas
intruded, or would have intruded,
into my mind at that moment,
for I repelled them as soon as they
occurred.

The ceremony over, Sir Charles and the bride returned in his chariot: in Lady Granger's coach, Lady Mary, myself, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Marshall: in her chariot, herself and the clergyman—Lord Robert's as before. We drove to Spencer Park, and before dinner had a little concert in the saloon.

It is a long time since I could prevail on myself to sing, except when alone; for my mind has been in such a state, I could not even bear music without tears. On this occasion however I endeavoured to exert myself in my favourite air, "It is not wealth, it is not birth." We complimented ourselves on being excellent

excellent *dilettantis.* — Sir Charles plays very well upon the harpsichord, and Mr. Marshall made a very good first violin, and was followed by Mr. Drummond and my Lord Robert — Emilia on the guittar, and Miss Spencer and myself on the piano forte. All Sir Charles's and Lady Granger's dependents dined on long benches in the bowling-green, and exhibited a fine scene of rural festivity.

After tea we took a ramble in the Park. I know not how it happened that Marshall and I were left alone in a little temple in the plantation — but he took that opportunity of declaring a passion for

me, in so pathetic and delicate a manner as affected me with the sincerest pity. "I really wish, Mr. Marshall, (said I) that my heart was able to make you an equal return—but it has but just escaped from those tormenting sensations of which you complain, and cannot easily transfer them to another object. My judgment does honour to your merit—I esteem you most sincerely, and if love was a voluntary sentiment, it should be yours. You have my entire friendship—and it is all I can bestow." "Charming woman, (said he) you transcend your sex! I adore your frankness, and accept your friendship. It shall be my pride and my pleasure to merit so valuable

a dis-

a distinction. Your noble sincerity precludes me from urging the sentiment farther." After promising reciprocal friendship, we joined the rest of the company,

We walked till late. The moon shone with resplendent brightness; the air was becalmed; not a breeze shook the leaves—and to compleat the woodland scene, two of Sir Charles's servants played on French horns in an adjoining wood. the rocks and waters caught the sound, and gave it back reverberated. " Echo tuned it to her charming shell"—and all nature conspired to render the scene perfectly delightful.

All

All the family but myself have long been at rest. 'Tis now near three in the morning—my eye-lids are quite oppressed, and oblige me to subscribe myself my dear Caroline's

Affectionate,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET-

LETTER XXII.**To Blount DRUMMOND Esq.**

Soho.

I have been too long unhappy not to be very desirous of a peaceful asylum, were it possible for me to procure one; and should have been very glad to have met you in the Mall at the time appointed---but Lord Cleland was indisposed, and Lady Bell insisted on my staying at home to entertain him; and the morning follow-

All the family but myself have long been at rest. 'Tis now near three in the morning—my eye-lids are quite oppressed, and oblige me to subscribe myself my dear Caroline's

Affectionate,

ANTONIA TEMPLE.

LET-

which I have had time to do
what I have done now in
this

LETTER XXII.

of course of any self-indulgence
but that I am under compell-

ing to be so.

To Blount DRUMMOND Esq.

at his house in the
Old Bond-street, Soho.

He has written to me

I have been too long unhappy—not
to be very desirous of a peaceful
asylum, were it possible for me to
procure one; and should have been
very glad to have met you in the
Mall at the time appointed—
but Lord Cleland was indisposed, and Lady
Bell insisted on my staying at home
to entertain him; and the morning
follow-

following her ladyship came into my bed-chamber before seven o'clock—an earlier hour than ever I knew her rise. She complained she could not sleep; but she was so attentive to all my movements, that I durst neither meet, nor write to you, which I could not do without trusting a servant—and I could not help suspecting that her ladyship had been made acquainted with the note I had wrote to you, and was only on the watch to intercept another. I hope this apology will free me from the appearance of ingratitude, as I take the first opportunity to repair my seeming negligence. I heard Lady Bell tell my Lord what company were down at Spencer Park,

yellow

to

to be present at the wedding ; amongst the rest I heard your name, and concluded your goodness would pardon the liberty I take in writing to you there.

I scarcely know how to begin the account of my misfortunes, for they commenced at my birth. I am natural daughter to the late Colonel Mortimer. I cannot say that my mother was a woman of virtue, because my existence seems to testify the contrary—but I assure you I was brought up with her till I was the age of fifteen, and never saw a single foible in her conduct or disposition ; indeed I believe her connection with my father was the only exception to a whole

whole life of irreproachable goodness---and that connection ceased the moment it became criminal---for I can collect from my father's letters, that she never would receive his visits, after their purity had once been violated.

She was of the family of the Montforts in —shire, who disowned her. She had a small independent fortune, on which she retired; and had the resolution never to accept of any pecuniary assistance from my father, who would gladly have married her---but she always told him, that she loved him too well to support herself as his wife, without possessing

his

his esteem, which she had justly forfeited.

We lived in a village within twenty miles of London, where my mother passed for a widow, and was justly respected and valued by all who knew her. She kept very little company, but spent the remainder of her life in penitence for the only circumstance in it that could cast a shade upon it, and in forming my mind to a love of virtue, and teaching me those accomplishments in which she excelled. I never was absent from her, but when my father used to send for me, which he frequently did, when his health began to decline.

My
vii.

My mother was worn out with a constant melancholy, and left me inconsolable for her loss. Her little fortune devolved to me, and the Colonel placed me under the care of the Lady Dowager Cleland, who was a very amiable woman, but did not live above two months after my father died, who only survived my mother one year. He left me four thousand pounds as his niece. His estate was entailed upon the male line, and devolved on a nephew whose name I never learned, nor indeed ever inquired after.

I was chiefly in the country with old Lady Cleland till her death, when I was taken to town by Lady Bell.

My

My situation was there totally reversed from what it had ever been before. Those rules which my mother had laid down for my conduct, were openly ridiculed by Lady Bell and Miss Spencer; who told me that as my mother had chose to live secluded from the world, she was at liberty to pursue a plan of her own; but that an attempt to reduce to practice her antiquated modes in modern and real life, was as impracticable as it was ridiculous. I was willing to abate a little in outward reserve, that I might not appear self-sufficient.

Lord Cleland on the other hand commended my prudence, but advised

vised me to behave with a little more fashionable freedom ; saying he hoped I did not pay the ladies of my acquaintance so bad a compliment, as to suppose them less modest, because they were less reserved than myself. I took his advice very kindly, and endeavoured to form my manners a little more to what I saw.

He continued to give me lessons on my behaviour ; and when I failed in any of my attempts, did not laugh at me as the ladies did, but persevered in directing me. His attention to me was very seducing ; and I own I looked upon every thing as right, which came from

so agreeable a teacher. We were frequently together and alone; and I was at length prevailed upon to think there was no harm in allowing his lordship little freedoms, which indeed I knew not how to refuse, as he called them innocent, and treated me more like a child than a woman. His lordship, by degrees, however, began to encroach upon my easiness of temper, and to offer liberties which I could, by no means, dispense with on such occasions. If I used to be angry, or burst into tears, he would seem to recollect himself, saying, that he had forgot he was playing with his little rustic; for that not a woman of his acquaintance would have taken the

slightest

slightest notice of so trifling a familiarity. He said it was natural for him to treat every woman in that manner, because it was the fashion. This for a time lulled my apprehensions, and I continued to go on as usual, though I was often pained when I reflected what would have been my mother's feelings could she have known how far I had departed from the line she had chalked out for my conduct.

In the midst of my perplexity I picked up a note which fell from my Lord's pocket, and contained the following words—“ Juliet and
“ I are going to the opera to night;
“ I shall leave Sophy at home; make
“ your

"your aunt of her, and bring me
no more complaints of her re-
servedness, as I place it all to
your own want of address.
I enclose a note to **Arabella Cleland.**"

This note had been left for his lordship, when the ladies went to the opera, and he was not at home till past midnight. The morning following he entered my dressing room, on pretence of seeking Miss Spencer. As I was not quite dressed I knew not how to behave; but on his throwing his arm round my neck, I screamed; on which he went out precipitately, and in taking out his handkerchief, dropped the note before-mentioned. I met him afterwards

in the gallery, where he caught hold of me again. I was so extremely alarmed with the note I had just read, that I broke from him, and ran down stairs into the room where I found you.

You know the rest — Lady Bell has called for me twice; which leaves me not time to apologize for this trespass on your patience,

SOPHIA MORTIMER?
LET

LETTER XXIII.

To MISS SOPHIA MORTIMER.

SPENCER PARK.

My dear young Lady,

I Am much pleased with your sensible and ingenuous letter; but more so, to discover that your father was my uncle. I am that nephew on whom the estate devolved, and think it my duty therefore to protect you against the insolent attempts of an abandoned libertine, who is

not ashamed to violate the trust reposed in his family by your father; nor that innocence which every man of honour and generosity would feel himself bound to shelter from injury and distress. I commend you for your perseverance in the path of virtue. Start not when I assure you it excites my surprize; as from your own account, you have relaxed considerably in your behaviour.— Whatever be the mode, virtue is always the same; and whenever even the appearance is laid aside, the reality is weakened. Seldom do we find a woman, willing to abate of a proper reserve, who does not at last resign all that ought to be dear and valuable to her. Those liberties,

ties, which may at first be deemed innocent, expose you to the attempts of a designing villain, whose aim is to take advantage of your weakness, and of those unguarded moments, when prudence is nodding over her charge.

I shall make no apology for shewing your letter to Lady Spencer, who is an amiable woman, and whose advice I thought proper to ask. She admires both your frankness and modesty; and will be so obliging as to invite Lord Cleland and his sister down to Spencer Park, in order that they may be under the necessity of bringing you with them, and will then prevail on them to permit

you to spend a few months with Lady Granger (Lady Spencer's mother) who would otherwise be alone. In the mean time, my pretty cousin, set a double guard upon your heart and conduct.

You acknowledge you was not displeased with Lord Cleland's assiduities, before you thought them criminal. A bad heart has many advantages over an innocent inexperienced one. Be careful that yours be true to its own interest, and you will be as secure as the nature of your situation will admit; till it is made entirely so by your

Affectionate Cousin,

BLOUNT DRUMMOND.

L E T-

LETTER XXIV.

A noisy orgiastic behemoth avaricious
ever blow I could not find
the power to have him be-
set with

To Miss SPENCER.

and out went you as a—conscript
over the horizon I would only
you will now bring me back to

Soho.

HEAVENS ! Juliet ! the glorious
opportunity is arrived, when
I may take an ample revenge on
the heart of your insensible brother.

+ Lady Spenceer has invited me down
to Spencer Park, (as a compliment
to you, I suppose) — insulting polite-
ness ! presumptuous security ! what
is

is there in Lady Bell Cleland to inspire it?

Had I been acquainted with Sir Charles's intended marriage when I last saw him, I would have exerted all my powers to have made his captive heart revolt from its allegiance—It is not now too late. You know I am not the slave of vulgar prejudice, and will not envy Lady Spencer the distinction of his wife, if I can make myself mistress of his heart.—Nor would I purchase even that with the loss of every other gratification. Had I married him that must have been the case; but I will love *him* and *liberty*.

at the same time. His generosity, sensibility, and even his virtue shall be made subservient to the designs of,

My dear Juliet's

BELL CLELAND.

FREDAY last when I
was in the library of a
large house in the
city of Boston I was
told our acquaintance.
I am now ready
to tell you all about
myself and my
wife. I am the
son of one of the
best

LET-

the history of England, and to
literature and novels, will find
English well or marginally learned.

LETTER XXV.

TO MISS ARMITAGE.

GRANGER ABBEY.

ALREADY my heart palpitates
with the expectation of a nearer,
and more endearing interchange
of our sentiments. I am now happy
in telling my dear Caroline, I am
in some doubt whether this letter
will reach you soon enough to an-
nounce its writer. I am transported
with the idea of once more pressing
you

you to my heart, with all the rapture of congenial friendship. What restrictions do I lay myself under here ! Even my *thoughts* are constrained—But virtue holds the rein.

I am induced to add, that

We have had a great deal of company at Spencer Park these two months; Lord Cleland and his sister only left it yesterday. They were accompanied by a young lady, who is to spend the winter with Lady Granger. Lady Spencer goes to town next week, and was very urgent with me to have accompanied her.

What a tender and amiable husband is Sir Charles ! Yet I think
his

his behaviour appears more like tender friendship, than impassioned love—yet he is possessed of great sensibility. Though he apparently esteems and regards me as much as ever, he never expressed a wish that I should go to town with them; except when good manners obliged him to second Lady Spencer's entreaties—Perhaps he thinks we had better be apart—though he cannot, from any weakness he has discovered in your

ANTONIA TEMPE

9

END of the FIRST VOLUME.